

*Run Amok: a Zine of Music, Art, and Writing*

An Honors Thesis (HONRS 499)

By

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Thesis Advisor

Margie Dimoplon

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "Margie Dimoplon", is written over a horizontal line.

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## Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Margie Dimoplon for her endless patience, encouragement, and understanding throughout the creation of *Run Amok*.

I would also like to thank Erin Lottino, my partner in crime. Without her perseverance and humor, the corporeality of *Run Amok* may not have equaled the dream. I plead the fifth henceforth.

I also thank my family for their constant love and support. Their faith in me has helped me believe in myself.

Thanks to all who contributed to *Run Amok*. *Run Amok* is a celebration of our lives and our creativity.

Finally, thanks to this ridiculous world for the inspiration.

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## Abstract

Embraced within this binder are the first two issues of *Run Amok*. *Run Amok* is a zine, a low-budget, free and accessible to the public, yet still underground magazine. It is a forum for art, information, and humor. Each issue has a theme, and both the contents and design are organized according to the theme to form a cohesive whole.

The first issue is the Travel Issue. Its twenty-eight pages include photos of an artist's great trek to California; poetry about travel anxiety, failed cars, and speaking Jamaican; a prank interview with the Indiana Department of Transportation; tour stories from bands The Faint and Cake; an interview with Muncie metal hardcore band Hospital; and trivia questions like, "What does the bumper sticker on our hearse say?", and other delightful features. The zine is designed to reflect the travel theme. The front cover shows overturned cars in a ditch. The back stars Bill Breeder as *Run Amok*'s back cover model, this time riding in a motorboat. The contents/contributors spread is split asymmetrically by Matchbox cars. The page numbers are simplified parallel parking spaces. One poem was run over to leave a dirty tire imprint. The Hospital pictures were taken while moving the camera to get an "in-motion" effect.

The second issue is the Connections Issue. Its thirty-six pages include interviews with Muncie duo Spitshine and poet and memoir-writer Mary Karr; short stories about passion, violence, jealousy, identity, and distrust; poetry about loneliness, disorientation, wanting, disillusionment, and betrayal; an interview with Brazil where we played for them rare songs and covers and asked the members what they thought of them; a web of over three hundred bands showing how they are connected to each other through shared members; and art of love and disconnectedness, to name a few gems. The issue is also organized according to the theme. The cover shows seahorses copulating (note: the male bears the children). The contents/contributors spread has a tangle of dotted lines connecting the picture to the contributor and the feature to the page number. The page numbers are designed to look like elements from the periodic table because everything, broken down into its basic components, is different elements bonded together. Various layouts are planned around some kind of binding aid. For example, the Brazil interview is sewn together. The poetry spread uses a safety pin motif. The D.A.R.Y.L. spread's pictures are held to the page by clothespins. The Mary Karr headline is connect-the-dots.

*Run Amok* was designed in Photoshop 6.0 and Pagemaker 7.0. The master pages were inkjet printed on glossy, photograph-quality paper. They were then photocopied, and two hundred copies of each issue were made and distributed throughout Indiana and Chicago.

## Preface

It's 6 AM. The sun is a glaring reminder of how much I need to sleep. But this is our ritual. Go see a show, have thirty people on our roof, relieve the boredom/stress, everyone leaves by 4 AM, stay up until dawn talking with Erin, my roommate. Roughly summarized. Sometimes there aren't any shows, in which case "relieving boredom/stress" gets more creative. Or the show is in Chicago, so it's dawn by the time we get back to Muncie. However, the night always ends with us talking.

This particular night there is no good show anywhere.

"I can't believe you and Carried peed off the roof," Erin laughs at me.

"There's a sense of freedom you enjoy that you can't get anywhere else. I can't believe you were going to shoot bottle rockets at those two frat guys."

"They were wearing matching sweater vests," Erin explains.

I flinch. "How appalling. That's almost self-defense. No court in Indiana would convict you."

"I know."

I open the refrigerator and take out a block of colby jack, honey oat bread, and dill pickles. I unwrap the cheese and begin slicing it.

"Oh, you have to read this poem Adam wrote. It's brilliant." I take a piece of paper covered with scrawl, ink bleeding through the other side, and hand it to her.

Erin scans it over and nods. "Did you see the pictures Alan took on the boat?"

I nod. "I'm so happy our friends are so talented. That way, I never have to lie about their work to make them feel better. Matt did an awesome print last week."

I throw the cheese on the bread and both into the toaster oven.

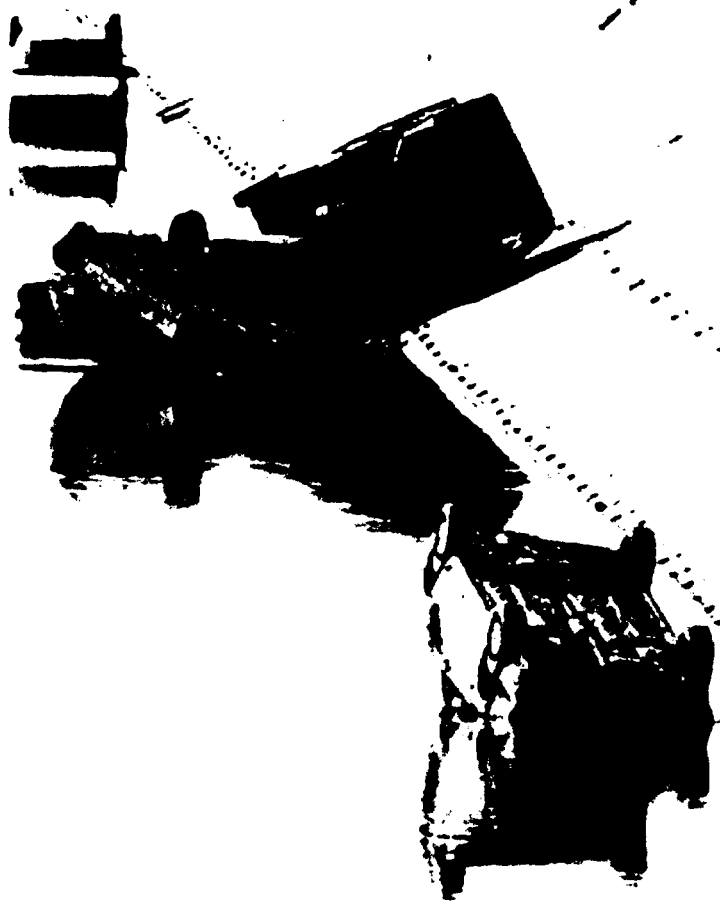
"We need to be more productive with our time," I say.

"Yeah. We used the last fire extinguisher tonight."

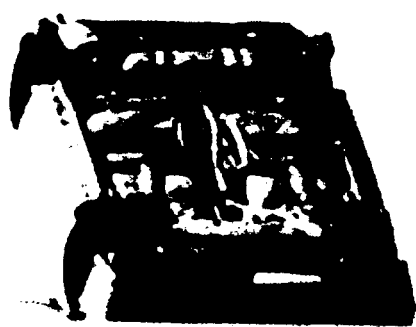
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Thus began the zine *Run Amok*. It became a channel for our creative energy, a gallery to exhibit our friends' work, and a celebration of our lives here in Muncie. One of the first things I learned in fiction writing workshop is to give your characters specific traits to make them universal. I hope that by making this zine personal, anyone can read it and find something s/he can connect with. It kept me up many nights, working and laughing. I hope you enjoy it, too.

# RUS AMOK



THE FAINT  
CAKE  
HOSPITAL  
INDIANA DEPT OF  
TRANSPORTATION



<<ISSUE NO. 1 TRAVEL

# RIBUTORS



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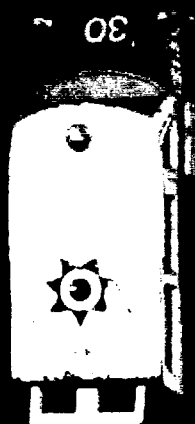
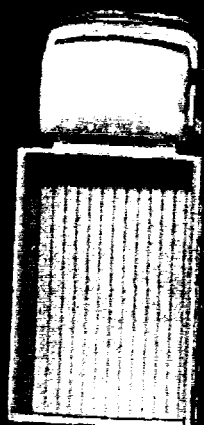
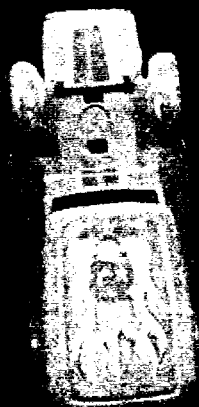


TARYN VRANE



ERIN LOTTINO

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We would like to thank :

Our executive producer Taryn Vrane for all of her help and patience, our friends and family for support, and this ridiculous world for the inspiration.

## THE TRAVEL ISSUE





Interview by Irena Czyszczon and Erin Lottino  
Pictures courtesy of Lisa Richards, except opposite by Irena Czyszczon.

Listen to The Faint, and you're guaranteed to dance like Alley Sheedy in *The Breakfast Club*. Another Omaha band on Saddle Creek records, their style is appropriately described as dark and dansy, hence the title of their recent release, *Danse Macabre*. We caught Todd

the

(vocals) and Jacob (keyboards) before their show in Indianapolis to ask them these questions:

RA: How long have you each been personally playing music?

Jacob: psh! I have no idea. I've been making noise for a

shows

long time. I never tried to be musical about it until the last few years.

Todd: I was born with a trumpet in my mouth. [pause] Not really.

RA: How painful for your mother.

Todd: Well, at least it wasn't a tuba.

RA: Or the sax AND the bass. (no one gets the clever reference to the opening band Pum except Erin)

Todd: No, no, they got me hooked on music as an infant. I've been playing since a toddler.

RA: Are you from a musical family?

Todd: No. They just wanted a musical child.

RA: What, for around the campfire?

Todd: I don't know, they just make me play at all the holiday events. Arbor Day,

and everything.

RA: Do you know any Arbor Day songs?

Todd: I know a couple, but they're in major keys, and I kind of gave those up. Arbor Day's from Nebraska. That's where we live.

Jacob: Kinda proud of that.

RA: So do you have any GOOD travel stories? Does anything stand out as your favorite moment on tour?

Jacob: The high points are, like, the really good shows where there are a lot of people dancing...

Todd: Or the really tragic moments.



all around

faint

RA: Tragic, like people getting stampeded?

Todd: Ah, well, that's probably tragic for them. I was thinking more personally, tragic for us, you know, that's what we remember.

Jacob: Right. The stories that jump out, like the good ones, are like, "Oh, we played a show where there were hundreds of people dancing." Pretty simple. The ones that stand out are like the bizarre, twisted, weird, or disgusting, painful ones.

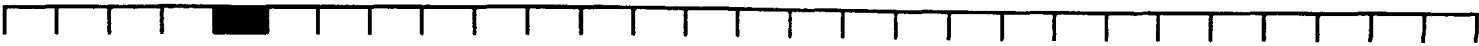
RA: Example? Or is that too personal a question?

Todd: I suppose we could give some examples.

Jacob: Some of them are kind of weird because you don't want to embarrass certain people and things like that.

Todd: Certain other people cuz you might know who they were. But, you know, we could probably tell some anyway. Well, maybe we should just start with a pain one. You remember in North Carolina, where we were jumping off the cliff...

RA: Into a quarry?



Todd: You've been there?

Todd: I guess I'd say smudge.

RA: Not there, no.

Todd: You've probably seen it on thing the right way like TV, though. It's pretty popular. that.

People probably jumping off cliffs into the water. It's really scary once you're there. I've been seeing it on TV more and more. I think they like to put moments of excitement and real life fear—

Jacob: If you rub some-

Todd: So that was pretty scary cuz we also couldn't go down to get her. Nobody knew how to get down there besides jumping off.

RA: extreme

Todd: Yeah, it sells. Sex used to sell. I hope that doesn't go away.

Jacob: Right, and we didn't want to jump, either. We didn't know if we would...

RA: LAND on her?

RA: (chuckle)

Todd: I don't think it will. I'm not much of a marketing guy. But anyway.

Jacob: Yeah, possibly hurt her.

RA: You were jumping off these cliffs, or you didn't jump off the cliff...

Todd: It's moments like that that are memorable. Or there's the funny kind. That one wasn't funny at all at the time. Then there's the embarrassing kind. But we don't get embarrassed too easily, or maybe not as easily as some people. Some people it seems like if they have any kind of story where they're in the wrong or if they're doing something wrong they get embarrassed. But I think I think Jake's kind of taught me to get past that. (from the corner of his mouth) Cuz he'll tell you about embarrassing stories.

Todd: Yeah, well, I did jump off. Okay, nobody had gone yet, and you know, I was scared to death. A girl was kind of joking around and had come up behind me and just ran at me and kind of tackled me towards going off of it, and I was scared to death at that point to fall. I don't even know if I'd looked off the ledge yet. And so I just kind of dove to the ground and she just went off of it, not in the way that you'd like to go off the cliff you know, just kind of cartwheels and spins. Apparently she just like, hit her head on like the side of her head and ripped most of her ear off on this sharp, maybe it wasn't sharp, but it was some kind of rock. She just had...

Jacob: What? Like my embarrassing stories?

Todd: I don't know. ARE they embarrassing stories? You know which stories I'm talking about. Something TODAY possibly.

Jacob: Well something happened last night and I had to go the hospital today. It's not really... I don't think it's embarrassing. But...

Jacob: I don't think it was sharp. It was like if you rub...

RA: At Bloomingtonfest?

Jacob: It was kind of like right before the show. I'm not embarrassed about it. I have this... It's kind of a fetish thing. It's... uh... It's asphyxiation while masturbating and like, um, I have this suspension kind of device and I already had a sore neck so I shouldn't have been doing it, but sometimes I like to do it not right before we play but sometime during the day before the show happens. I did something, I don't know what happened. Where I had it set up in this greenroom. It wasn't sturdy. One of the support bars, one of these beams that holds, actually is what holds my neck, like slipped



and I like fell. Then I guess it's two hours later when we were playing on the first song, I did some kind of a head movement and my neck has been shot ever since. I had to go to the pronto...

Todd: No, prompt.

Jacob: Prompt care.

RA: Oh yeah. Prompt medical care.

Jacob: Yeah it's like a minor medical.... And they couldn't really do anything. I'm kind of drugged out right now cuz I'm on muscle relaxers. This is like the range of movement I have right now. [moves head total of 15 degrees. We had a protractor in our press kit.]



Todd: I decided I'd wait to see what happened with him, and they didn't give him a brace...

Jacob: Earlier today we couldn't move our necks at all. And we were walking around like this [takes monster stance]. Everybody thought we were Frankenstein children or something. But I'm getting a lot better now. I'm a lot

Jacob: That one was really funny to me. I ran. I fell down. Well, Tyler and I ran into each other when we saw it happen...

RA: WHAT?

Jacob: We just started laughing and screaming. It was a really bizarre night. There was a meteor shower...

Todd: ...that everybody was watching. Ok, ok. We played this show and after the show we were loading out and there was a guy who came up, a bum. Wasn't it summer? But he wanted to sell us this Santa. He's like "Come on, who wants to buy a Santa?"

Jacob: It was a dancing Santa Claus still in the box it had a bell and it dances with its bell. But the way he phrased it was really funny. [Dances] "Can I get ten dollas fo' my dancin' Santa Claus?" And we were like... "It's July..."

Todd: "...nobody wants your Santa."

looser. I really wanted to get a heat pack but I couldn't find one. I guess I just don't tell people... Last night I just told everybody I hurt it while we were playing.

Todd: So it's a little embarrassing.

Jacob: It's not really embarrassing. It's just that I don't... It's not everybody's business.

Todd: We could tell a funny one.

Jacob: [straight-faced] I don't know which ones are the funniest. I think everything's pretty entertaining. There are gross ones too.

RA: Same thing.

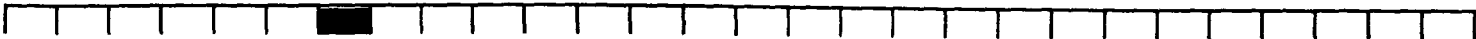
Jacob: A lot of them are the same.

Todd: Oklahoma?

**"Can I get ten dollas fo' my dancin' Santa Claus?" And we were like... "It's July..."**

Jacob: "Why do you even have that still in the box?" It looked like brand new.

Todd: Right. So it turns out that he had either just come across a trash bin where he had gotten clown supplies or costume supplies and other crap that they had thrown out. So we find out that he has a clown outfit and we invite him to this party with us if he actually wears the



clown outfit. He's got the clown outfit on, and we get these girls to put on his make up.

Jacob: It was a conditional invitation. We didn't want to hang out with this guy.

Todd: We get to the party and we didn't really realize that the person hosting the party was not aware that they were going to have a party. They were not interested in having a party. They did not know any of the bands, they were not at the show. I have no idea how it happened. So somehow maybe she was drunk enough that she let it happen and we were having a party anyway.

Jacob: Yeah, this turned into a full-blown party.

Todd: Every once in awhile—

Jacob: She'd be like, "God, everybody get out of my house." Everybody would kind of like look at her and go, "No. It's a party."



Todd: So the guy wanted money and he was ready to continue doing things in order to make money.

Jacob: I think he had been helping himself to people's beers in the fridge.

Todd: He was being an entrepreneur.

Jacob: I think he liked the attention. The more wild he was, the more attention he would get. He just hung around cuz everybody was—

Todd: Nobody could think of what he could do to make money. But he wanted money, and people started throwing money in a bowl in order to—

Jacob: Pay him for something really spectacular that they actually wanted to see.

**"Wow. I might not get to do this for the rest of the year if I pass this up!"**

Todd: Basically that thing that they wanted to see was... uh... somebody pissing on his face...

Jacob: But he had to drink it. It looked like a lot of money.

Todd: So I volunteered cuz I thought "Wow. I might not get to do this for the rest of the year if I pass this up!" There was a video camera going on it, and I wanted to make it look more spectacular than it did. I go up to him and push him out of his lawn chair, and push him onto the ground and stand on his arms. I start to get my piss out and then I realize "Oh, I don't think I have enough saved up to really make this great. My brother Clark who is our drummer.... I said, "Can anyone else do it?"

Jacob: "Does anyone have to pee?"

Todd: I don't want to just get a little out. I want him to really have to earn it. He's like, "Oh man, I'm dying. I don't think I can wait at all." So he runs over and starts pissing on his face, and all of a sudden I gotta go more than I thought I did. I run over and I'm like, "I'm going to take advantage of this anyway." So I start pissing in his ear and all down his cheek...

Jacob: And you have to imagine also that he had this clown makeup on that is getting washed off.

Todd: And Clark's like "Oh, man! You're getting it on me!" It's bouncing off the clown's face and onto Clark's shoes. That's when everybody freaked out.



Jacob: That's when we started running around.

Todd: It was in the back yard and there were neighbors who apparently the person works with the neighbor next door or was the teacher or they'd lived there all their life, but was real embarrassing to the person who lived there and didn't want to be having a party anyway.

Jacob: There were like people on the roof cuz there was a meteor shower so everybody had gathered around on the roof watching and a big crowd of people in the back yard.

RA: Showers all around.

Todd: Yeah. There are a couple of different types of stories. Is that enough or is there a certain other kind of story you want?

RA: How about a sex story?

Todd: In general we're sort of possibly too gentleman-like to say certain stories.... Those are some good stories. If you were gonna tell me a story, I'd prefer you tell me that kind. I bet Depose (guitarist) has some good sex stories though.

Jacob: (laughing) I never really ask him. I would assume that he does too.

Todd: With pants that tight, how could you not?

RA: The band's vibe is very sexual, but then the lyrics and things are politically against certain—

Todd: No, it's fair to both sides.

RA: Yeah, cuz you question, "Is it disserving someone?" And that's sort of debating, is it, or is it not?

Todd: Right, it's one of those things that a lot of times I'll try to figure something

out by writing a song about it, and then I may not come up with a conclusion. I may just show both sides and try to figure it out and still come up with nothing. But at least I feel like that's worth doing because it gets people thinking about both ways.

RA: You do say all sex is personal. Did that come from something? Did someone say, "It's nothing personal"?

Todd: It's more like any sex is personal, but I'm talking about any sex that—that song is about a certain other person and about me not wanting to hear about or see them having sexual relations with somebody else even though we have an open agreement. It's just that, I don't really need to see it. Keep it personal.



RA: We have a poll in the zine. What's your favorite thing to listen to while you're traveling?

Jacob: We travel a lot so we listen to a lot of different stuff.

Todd (ruffles through his man purse)

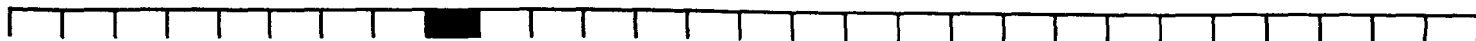
RA: What's in the bag right now? What was in the tape player?

Jacob: He's been listening to Willie Nelson.

Todd: Yeah, I've been listening to the Willie Nelson box set. Have we even played any cd's yet?

Jacob: I haven't really listened to anything yet on this tour.

Todd: I guess we're just going to have to stick with Willie. Today's the first time I listened all the way through to the words (sings Willie-esque) "To all the girls I've loved before." He does a duet with Julio Iglesias. One of the lines says something like "to the wives that ended up with someone else." Or, "To the ladies that ended up someone else's wives." I don't know how it goes exactly but I thought gosh, that's kinda digging. That makes a husband think, (rubs his chin) "Hey! He could be talking about my wife..." I kinda like that. He should feel threatened if it's Julio. The ladies *love* some Julio.



September 8, 2001 BY ADAM NORRIS

As I stand in the expanse of oil-stained concrete, the swift southern wind sends flights of dust needles into my exposed skin.

Around my dust-caked boots, the lifeblood of my Buick pools into puddles that ignite liquid rainbows when the Western sun pierces the clouds. I feel a monumental sense of grief and loss, almost as if I'm saying goodbye to a fallen warrior.

Road-weary people exit the sprawling truckstop, their fat, rosy cheeks meshing with the reddish trim along the walls. When they glance in my direction, spotting the looks of desperation they look at the ground, avoiding another beggar.

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It came to me one day clad in an oversized yellow raincoat and galoshes. My older brother Paul and I refused to play checkers or Monopoly on this rainy afternoon. Even though I was only six years old and Paul was eight, we had watched enough Indiana Jones movies to know how to really have fun. We imagined thrills, treasure, even danger. So on that spring day in May we went a-hunting for turtles.

The town where I grew up was originally swampland back in the day of the pioneer. In order to create a habitable town, the founding fathers needed to dry up the land, most of which was covered in inches of water. Thus, they dug a ditch on the north side and a few ponds sporadically throughout the town to retain the excess water. Often parks were built around these ponds to enhance aesthetics, and the ponds were stocked so people could fish. My neighborhood was built around one of these ponds, the subdivision encircling a park.

Paul and I loved our pond. We called it The Pond. It was chock full of goodness: tadpoles, frogs, leeches, cattails, fish, dragonflies, crayfish, and yes, turtles. We had caught everything else, but the elusive turtle kept slipping from our little-fisted grasp. I don't know why we thought a heavy downpour was the perfect opportunity to go turtle-hunting, but the reasoning may have gone like this.

"Hey, Irene, we're gonna catch Mr. Turtle today."

"Okay." I was always the dutiful sidekick.

"It's raining real hard, so The Pond will be flooded, so Mr. Turtle will crawl out into the grass, and we'll catch him there 'cause turtles can't walk as fast as they can swim."

"Okay." I just stared at him in awe. My brother's a genius.

"Go get the nets."

"Okay."

This turtle will be ours, we thought. Oh, yes, he will be ours.

My mother was a sucker for our pleading faces. Little did she know behind the glint in our sweet eyes crouched hungry beasts ready to pounce at the first sight of our prey. But she insisted we bundle up so that we wouldn't catch a cold. We squirmed and whined as she heaped on so many layers we couldn't bend our knees or elbows. She finished off her masterpiece with a couple of yellow raincoats.

"Aw, Mom!" Curses, I thought. How can we skulk with this garishly bright garb?

Paul could tell what I was thinking. "Don't worry," he whispered conspiratorially, "turtles are colorblind."

"Oh, okay." I looked at him like he was Confucius. My wise, all-knowing brother.

"Have fun! Be safe! Stay in the park! If you see lightning, come home right away! Paul, you watch your sister. Don't—"

"Bye, Mom!"

"Bye!"

Finally! We began our trek. Moving like extras in Night of the Living Dead because of the excess bulk, our journey was slow and precarious. The rain was coming down like lemmings off a cliff, morphing the ground into oatmeal mush. The earth insisted on taking my galoshes. My feet slipped out a couple of times, but I would not give in. My galoshes filled with mud, providing me with the right adhesive to keep them attached to my feet. Soon I was camouflaged with mud. I plodded on.

I was drooling over the idea of snatching our treasure. My senses were acute— ears perked and eyes sensitive to any hint of movement. My nostrils flared with every shallow, excited breath. I stifled a snarl that may have spoiled my Paddington Bear-like guise.

"We're here," Paul announced. "This turtle will be ours. At long last, he will be ours."

"Yeah."

"Be real quiet so we don't scare him."

"Okay," I replied, but that was hard to do. Every step I took resounded with a gross slap-squish-slurp!

We wandered around The Pond, scouring the area. In the meantime, the rain had let up, and the clouds were thinning out. I raised my face eagerly to the emerging sun like it were a rock star finally coming out on stage. Closing my eyes, I could smell the cool wetness of everything around me. Even the algae smelled clean. The musky aroma of mud was spiked with crisp wet grass. Nearby blossoms sent their thick sweetness to me on short blasts of northerly wind.

My eyes opened to a St. Louis arch of a rainbow— a technicolor gateway to the hidden spoils of a mythical, rich Irish midget. "Wow! Paul, look! A rainbow!"

"Hey, yeah."



"It looks like it ends right by those trees. Let's hurry before someone else gets the pot of gold!"

Like a missile of adrenaline, I shot out towards the rainbow and ran past The Pond, past the trees, past the edge of the park, past houses I didn't recognize, into uncharted territory, farther than I had ever gone before without my parents. Mist hit my face like Pop Rocks, and the neighborhood around me was a blur. I blazed my own path and forgot all about the turtle and rainbow. For the first time, I recognized myself as a separate person, with my own desires, my own drives.

I eventually turned around and went home, but I didn't go back empty-handed. Wanderlust took me by the hand and hasn't left my side since. It stomps and cries and holds its breath until I succumb to its tantrum. Then it quiets down, its eyelids get heavy, and it sleeps until the next adventure.

# Crash Test Dummy

by Erin Lottino

It's not a conscious decision. I just don't say anything. I see it coming, but I trust him to see it too.

My sister and I sit in our neutral corners singing made-up lyrics to the current hits. This is our punishment for fighting over who gets to sleep in the middle of the backseat. Somehow the '81 Monte Carlo didn't have enough room for both of us to lay our greasy heads on the coveted center strip, and touching each other was disgusting. I swing my gaze with the headlights of each oncoming car, singing, "I had the worst time of my life/ and I never want to see your face again/ Yes I swear/ It's the truth/ and I owe it all to you-oo-oo-oo-ooooo." The chorus wasn't aimed at my sister. It was a duet dedicated to our parents after a long day at the zoo. We saw a camel give birth. Sarcasm is a gift passed down for generations in my family like a cherished set of china.

My father and mother sit in their neutral corners as well. His arm stretches across to her headrest, his large hand squeezing until yellow foam oozes out a worn corner. She stretches her arms up to the car's ceiling, the red fabric sagging where static cling no longer helps it defy gravity. She releases a yawn so loud it overwhelms our song. I slide across the seat into the forbidden territory. I lean forward and rest my chin on back of their seat. He moves his arm to accommodate the serenade. I raise my voice; my harmony must be heard. My sister follows suit until our noise is interrupted. As my mother comes out of her stretch, her eyes focus on imminent danger. From my position I can see the spit string stretch from her upper teeth to her purple tongue, which is stressed hard, pointing out of her mouth in a scream. "Mike! Watch it!" Our younger voices are immediately silenced. Her arm has flown up to the ceiling again, and pushes her palm up to brace her body against the impact. I focus on the diamond of her wedding ring, now red from refracted taillights.

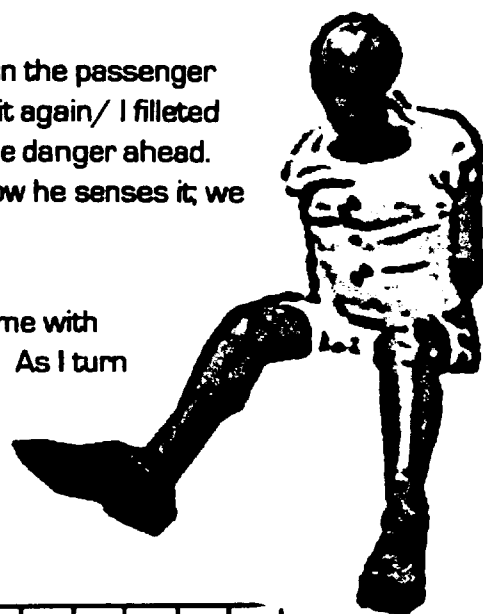
There is no time to fear death. I am too young to know regret. All I know is the utter fear my mother feels, and I, too am scared.

There is no collision.

I disappear into the corner, forever jaded by the woman who cried Mike.

I see it, but something keeps me quiet. We have a full day ahead of us. I sit in the passenger seat of the baby blue sedan. I had been singing him a love song, "Ooops I bit it again/ I filleted your heart/ Got lost in th—" Now I just sit and watch, trusting him to avoid the danger ahead. He scans the road with cobalt blue eyes that contrast the endless sky. I know he senses it; we are in tune. The crash comes anyway.

The airbag presses against my chest and face like a great-aunt smothering me with hello hugs and kisses. The heat comes off of it in waves, melting my glasses. As I turn my face to his, blood smears onto the white balloon. I try to whisper his name, but my jaw is grinding something absentmindedly. I open my mouth. There is no pain. A large purple clot falls onto the seat. At what point did I realize it was my tongue?







## Travelogue:

Salvia divinitorum: diviner's sage, traditionally used by the Aztecs for divination purposes. Similar to an herbal ketamine, it is known for its time-dissolving properties. An eternity in half an hour...

This green leafy substance is still legal and can be obtained through various mail order sources. I obtained a gram of 10X extract, which is ten times the potency of normal Salvia leaves. I mixed a pinch with some mid-grade marijuana in a water pipe to try and ease into the trip a bit more graciously. Smoking Salvia by itself is kind of like diving into an Olympic-sized swimming pool with no water. 'Oh Shit! Too late now! No turning back...'



## Something About a Jet

London-  
so far away and undesired,  
as wet and depressing as  
the puddles that collect  
in imagined cobblestone streets.  
I have no lust for  
Culture at this point.  
Have more to encounter  
in my backyard  
(wish I had one).  
One should not travel  
when emotionally stressed,  
a warning posted in the  
cockpit of my torturer-  
my jet of despair.

-Carrie Conley

I smoked this substance on a couple of different occasions, each time having a completely memorable and surreal experience. Salvia is similar to DMT in its dissociative effects, propelling the user into its plant-like world. One time, sitting in my darkened room with a lone candle burning, the space between the flickering stretched out absurdly. The darkness between flames seemed to contain an entire winter. Another time I smoked it at a friend's house, trying desperately to cling to normalcy, or at least to walk and talk while he quoted to me from Jeanette Winterson, Patti Smith, and Anne Sexton. All those worlds sliding around like so many fragmented galaxies. My final experience was with my then-current spouse, based on the strength of a promise. We drifted off into outer space and out of time together. During this psychic melding was when I realized we were no longer connected, or souls were no longer speaking. I was bunched up like a tight fist and she kept asking me what was wrong and where I was. The plant consciousness helped me realize that I was gone and my own person again.

~the magnanimous Zeitgeist  
;( smiling upside down

## Because the Baguettes are Cheaper...

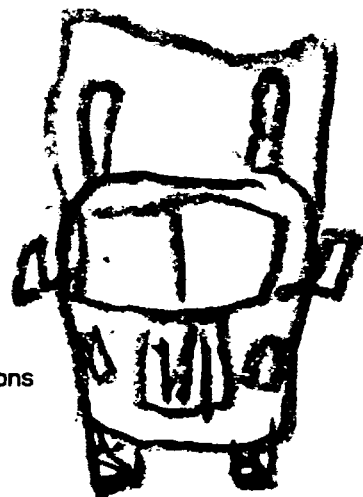
Germany and Italy await,  
boasting beer and bread and vowels.  
And I-  
an intruder turning  
my back, flapping  
my arms, clicking  
my heels,  
"There's no place  
like home-  
There's no place."

-Carrie Conley

star trek and talk show billboards  
streaking liquid filth flying from semi-truck tires  
the trees are crippled in this wind

all these cities feel the same  
with their acid rain spattered bricks  
uniform burger joints and super-store constellations  
half-assed veterans monuments attract nobody  
because they all want to forget

-adam norris



# CAKE



*Comfort Eagle*

Interview by Irena Czyszczonek and Erin Lottino. Photo of Pete courtesy of Lisa Richards.

We caught the newest member of Cake, drummer Pete McNeal, soon after the Guinness Oysterfest in Chicago. Mmmmmmmmm. Oysters.

RA: So, I hear you've got a good ghost story from your tour.

Pete McNeal: There's a pretty interesting ghost story for the Warfield Theatre in San Francisco where we played recently. We did a two night stand on the fifth and sixth of September, and my best friend Stark works at the Warfield, and he's the one who told me about the old catacombs underneath the Warfield Theatre. The Warfield Theatre was built at the turn of the century, and in the twenties they had speakeasy clubs down in the basement. It was Mafia-oriented. Actually, a speakeasy still exists, and they have beer coolers down there. They take you down there if you play there, and we played there two nights, sold out, so they were extra nice to us. They did my laundry and folded it. So we got to go down to the catacombs and the speakeasy. I went down there, and we had to do some press publicity shots, whatever, for the club, and took some pictures. Then Stark and I went down there later. I swear to god, the thing that's really interesting, when you go down there, it's a sub-basement. It's really creepy to begin with. There are big boilers and strange doorways, and everything's old and dusty and kind of run down and creepy. You get down to the speakeasy, and you can hear thirties' music playing. You can hear swing

music really faint. You try and find it, but it doesn't get any closer. You go by these doors, and it's like "Doo, doo doo, dee doo doo." It's also very cold in certain spots, which is common with poltergeist activity. There are many haunted stories that I have, but that's about the best tour one. You know, there's a funny story that wasn't a haunting, though. This is pretty fucking great, actually. I'm an avid paranormal enthusiast. I've gone hunting for haunted places all my life. So there was one night I was sharing a room with a wonderful musician, a guy named Sandy Sheila, who's got a very effeminate voice. He talks like this, he's like, [imitates] "Peter, Peter, Pete, what the fuck are you doing?" And he's an amazing multi-instrumentalist. So I come in real late, like 4:30 in the morning. I close the door behind me, I guess I didn't latch it all the way. I'm lying in bed, I'm asleep for about an hour, and all of a sudden I hear, "Ma'am, ma'am, can I help you?" And I'm like, "Sandy, it's me." I thought he

was yelling at me for getting in bed thinking I was some woman coming into the other bed, and I look up, and my heart stops, and it's this white as a ghost, ninety-year-old woman wearing a nightie, walking with a blank look on her face. She was just like this. She was moving real slow, and Sandy was like, "Ma'am, ma'am, can I help you? Ma'am, stop, what are you doing?" And all of a sudden I looked at her, and right then and there, I thought I was seeing the hardest core ghost. I was like, "Oh, my fucking god, that is the realest shit EVER." That is it, so my heart sinks. I'm about to pass out. Oh, actually, it's a little mis-timing. I actually got up to help her, and when I went up to help her, she was so catatonic, and she was so out of it and so white, and she was so fucking classically a ghost. I thought she was going to vanish. So my heart dropped, and I was like, "So right now, I'm walking with a ghost." And Sandy's yelling at her about stuff, and I'm like, "Sandy." I tell him to stop. It felt like an electric shock. I was so scared. And we walked her out, and she didn't respond. She didn't do anything. It turns out it was an old woman who was staying there and got lost, who happened to walk into our room. No, but it's really bizarre because she had to walk in, open the door. It was fucked up. Security came, and they couldn't find where she was from, either. She couldn't respond. She was catatonic. I don't know, I don't know. That was probably the most frightening thing.

RA: Did you scream?

Pete: I was too scared to make a squeak. I was like, "Uhhhhhhh, Sandy, oh my god, I'm

IF YOU HAD SAID "DRAW A GHOST OR  
BUILD A GHOST" AND YOU WERE GIVEN  
THE TOOLS, YOU'D BUILD THEM.

having a heart attack." I couldn't believe it. She was a ghost by the book. If you had said, "Draw a ghost or build a ghost," and you were given the tools, you'd build her. It was fucking freaky, man.

RA: The first video for "Short Skirt, Long Jacket" is set in LA....

Pete: Actually, it's in Sacramento, San Francisco, and Venice Beach.

RA: Then the new one is the same song, but set in New York. Are you going to do a whole series of famous cities?

Pete: Actually, that's a question that's good in more ways than you even know, and I'll tell you why. Initially, that video is conceived by John McCrea. He thought of the whole thing, he pitched the idea, and went ahead and shot the first one himself with film students on his own budget. It was all done completely lo-fi, indie all the way.

RA: So those were all real people?

Pete: Absolutely. In fact, I've got another quick story about the first guy, the Venice Beach guy, you know, "I like this, I'll take two!" You know, that guy? Well, I was in Venice Beach two weeks ago, before we left on tour, and I walk up the boardwalk and I hear, "Now, I KNOW you've seen the Cake video--" And I turn around, and he's got a group of kids around him, signing autographs and selling jokes for \$4. So I bought a joke, yeah, I'll take a joke, and I'm looking at him, and he's like, "I started a new foundation for my new success, and it's called SMOBA-Save My Own Black Ass." So I bought a joke for \$4, and he gave me a ticket to a nonexistent comedy club.

RA: [laughter]

Pete: So, anyways, he's alive and well, and the real deal. So John did it. He would target some people, look at people and say they'd be good, but a lot of it was very random, so that was his idea. He presented the video, and the label wanted to go the expensive route. They wanted to get Spike Jones to a high end, like a Weezer Buddy Holly, award-winning, expensive video. But John was like, it's too expensive, because that comes out of your royalties, and Cake's a band that makes the money back on their records. Spending \$200,000 on a video is not in their best interest. That's taking money out of their own pockets. They think they can do it better and more efficiently. They're very efficient people. So they're like, "Why go that route when we can do it ourselves. We think it's better. We believe in it. It makes better sense. We like the idea that it's the people that make the song, not the band. You don't need to glorify the image of the band. It's more what the people's reaction is. It's more real. So he presented the idea to the label, and they didn't like it. They wanted Spike Jones or some heavy-



weight to write a stalemate. They didn't know what to do. They tested the video out in Canada and wherever else, and it fucking blew up, like immediately people freaked out about it, so the label freaked out and said, "Okay, we've changed our mind, we want you to do sixteen of them for all different parts of the world." I was like, "Okay, they're going to do Mexico City, New York, Paris, Australia, Japan, Germany, wherever. You know, name a country, they were going to do it that way. Different regions of the US, too. And so John and I immediately went to Mexico City and filmed one there. They went to New York, did one there. And John did all the work, and they did two, the Mexico City one and the New York City one, and he said, "That's all we're going to do. We don't need to do any more of these things." So he delivered those, and now they're all on MTV, all three. You can see them on there pretty much anytime. They're on there a lot. We might film the next video in Japan.

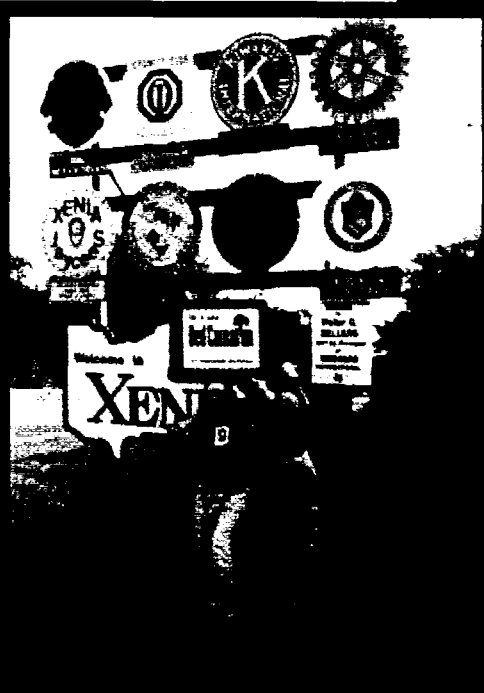
RA: Have you ever been to Japan?

Pete: No, I lived in the UK when I was 2, but I haven't toured there ever. I haven't traveled there. I was saving traveling there to do it when I was on tour. To get paid. I was trying to hold out, cause I knew that was the way I should do it, personally. I was like, "Don't give up. I should TOUR Europe. And then it came through. And I'm going in 3 weeks. The first gig's in Paris.

<Unfortunately, the tour has been rescheduled for the US due to the war effort.>

Hey Pete! Boo!







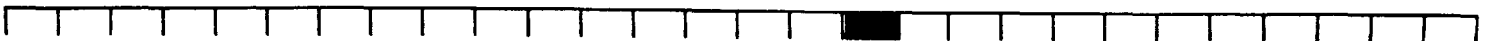
Did it matter, does it  
now? Stephen  
would answer if he  
only knew how.

# Kev's Page

I'm a music man. Music's supposed to be like inspirational. You should just play how you feel. What makes you feel is what you should play. I mean, why sit around and write about it? It seems like nonsense to me. I'd love to have a guitar right now. I'd love to jam with you guys, see what you got, man. I play guitar and you know, I mean that's what music's about, man. It's about fuckin'. I don't sing, either. That's what music's about. Fuckin' people sitting down, good feelings, and like playing. I would definitely love to hear your band, just let me finish this cigarette. I love to hear people's music, you know? I play music. I'm not in a band or anything. I play guitar, you know? And it's like, "What I play is what I play." And I have no inspirations to be a "musician." I have some chord progressions that I have signaturred. But, I'm not a good songwriter. I'm a premed major, I'm not an English major. It's like I play mainly for relaxation. I think music is built up too much...when people.... it's silly. I think music is made to enjoy. Enjoy to make. That's what music's all about. It's a universal language where people can enjoy it, what you write. I mean you're not going to write for everybody because everybody has their own tastes. But, if you can touch a certain group, or if you can touch everybody, then hey. I've never met a band that can do that. That's what's going to be my psych thesis. I'm a psychology minor.

A song! Can you imagine a song that can touch everybody? It shouldn't? That's one opinion, there. I think there should be a song that can touch everybody. It can touch Andrew, it can touch some black person down in Cabrini Green. I think there should be a song. Why not? Why couldn't there be a song that can touch everybody? Take "St. Stephen" by the Grateful Dead. That's like one of my favorite all-time songs. I listen to that song, and I'm like, "God damn it. Why doesn't everybody appreciate this song?" There are so many great guitar leads, the vocals are so great. Why doesn't everybody appreciate this song? You know? It's like, that question right there throws in like, "Ok. WHY DOESN'T everybody appreciate this song?" And then you throw it into like a huge group of people, like maybe you don't like the Grateful Dead. Why don't you like that song, even though I think it's like the greatest song on Earth. Why doesn't everybody else think it is?

That's like a great psychological question. Why do I get certain neurotransmitters, certain endorphins, and whatnot... neurochemicals. I don't want to get all biological, but it doesn't go beyond biology, actually. What music does to people, it releases neurochemicals, it releases endorphins, it releases neurochemicals that make you feel the way you do when you listen to that music. Why does someone like myself feel that this is the greatest song on earth, feel the way I do, when somebody else says, "Oh, that song is shit." Even though I think this is the greatest song on Earth. This is something that I'm kinda working out in my mind because I'm just a psychology minor, and I'm a bio major. It's something I'm working on when I get more into my major.





Interview by Irena Czystochon. Photos by Erin Lottino.

RA: If you could put your name in any font, which font would you choose?

Adam: Metallica font.

RA: (in metal voice) Adam! What colors would you have your name in?

Adam: Aqua blue and pink outline and gold drips of blood on all the points.

RA: Would people know it was blood?

Adam: Probably not. It would have to be silver. Gold's tacky.

RA: So if you had a slogan, what would it be?

Andrew: Besides "Adam, lick my toes," it has to be "What we need in this world is a little less love and a little more common decency." That's Vonnegut. *Slapstick* prologue.

Adam: Cum one, cum all.

RA: That's good. I like that.

Adam: With me.

RA: Cum one, cum all with me?

Adam: Or on me would be acceptable as well, but that's a distant second. That's only if the other slogan was taken.

RA: How old were you when you first found out about pubic hair?

Andrew: It was when I grew some. Okay, okay, this is confession time because I'm wasted. I remember one time I was playing basketball with my friend, and I saw him take a shot, and I saw he had something black in his armpit. I was like, "Whoa, what was that?" And then one day I realized it was happening to me. When it comes to the actual pubic hair, it was between 12 and 13 when the actual pubic hair began. I'm not saying there was anything close to a bush, but there was definite beginnings of cultivation.

RA: Sprouting, if you will.

Andrew: I will. I think from that point on, everyday I checked. I monitored my growth.

Adam: So, do you like pubic hair or what? Do you wish you had some, or do you wish it would go away, without the thought of shaving it and having it get all gross?

RA: Do you mean now, or in the past?

Adam: I don't know. If I shaved my satchel, as it may be, it would grow back all...you know what I'm talking about. You shave your pubes, it stings. Not like I'd know.

Andrew: I've never shaved, I've trimmed.

Adam: Sometimes you gotta trim, it makes your dong look bigger.

Andrew: You gotta trim. But my roommate's shaved Adidas stripes in there. He's gone all out bald sometimes.

Adam: Wait, which roommate?

Andrew: Names are not going to be revealed.

Adam: Stop looking at me!!!! Just checking.

Andrew: Shaving is a euphemism for holding two razor blades next to your testicles, and I'm not about to do that.

Adam: Not if you use an electric razor. What's the worst that can happen? It's not like your balls are going to fall out.

**"WHAT WE NEED IN THIS WORLD  
IS A LITTLE LESS LOVE AND A  
LITTLE MORE COMMON DECENCY."**

Andrew: Nicks and cuts.

Adam: So? Chicks love scars.

RA: If you could take a chainsaw to a topiary bush, what figure would you sculpt it into?

Adam: A fist. A fist in the air in the land of hypocrisy.



RA: What would that fist symbolize?

Adam: It would symbolize the wrath of the metal kids and when they enact their wrath upon this world.

RA: What will happen when they enact their wrath?

Adam: (in his best God Bless America voice) Hair will grow. Hair will grow and riffs will flow! And we'll have a better society for it.

RA: Are you going to grow out your hair and be more metal?

Adam: Which head of hair are you talking about?

RA: If you were a superhero, what would your costume look like?

Adam: A stillsuit.

RA: Yes.

Adam: Then I would interview whoever's really in charge of this country. I want to know about all the secret special shit that goes on. I'd like to talk to the head of the NSA, the National Security Agency. There's so much that I don't know about.

RA: What would you ask them?

Adam: What don't I know?

RA: What kind of things do you think we don't know about? (keep in mind this interview was done before Sept. 11)

Adam: I bet there are secret wars that we conduct without us knowing about it. I bet there are American forces doing crazy shit all over the place.

RA: Every so often you hear, "We sent a missile to Iraq. Bombed



RA: Like the Fremmen (from Frank Herbert's *Dune*). What would your name be? Superfrenum?

Adam: It would be Schlubb.

RA: Schlubb?

Adam: No, just kidding. It would be more like Poseidon.

RA: I think that's taken.

Adam: Darrell would also suffice. But it would have to have three r's so it would be (growl added) Darrrrell.

RA: What was the last dream you had?

Adam: Last night I was watching Blind Date before I went to bed, and both were dates from hell. They were horrible. This one girl was an uppity bitch. She was just a bitch! It took place in Chicago, so I had a dream that me and that girl were on a date in Chicago, and she was being a bitch. We were at a record store, and I didn't want to hear her, so I had headphones on, and I heard all of *A Long Drive for Someone with Nothing to Think About*. I woke up astounded that my brain could recover all that.

RA: If you could interview anyone in the world, who would you interview?

Adam: That depends. Would they have to be totally honest?

something there." And then they move on with the news.

Adam: They don't have 2000 active Navy Seals for nothing. I want to know if there are really UFO's and aliens, or if that's a bunch of trash.

RA: What do you think?

Adam: I want to say yes because it would make me hope

RA: Hope in what?

Adam: That I would encounter another form of life someday. I guess I would interview the creator of all things. I want to know when our sun's going to burn up. I want to know the secret to immortality.

RA: Science could tell you when the sun will burn up.

Adam: Will humans be around then?

RA: Who knows?

Adam: Once we travel closer to the speed of light, humans will be extinct.

RA: Why?

Adam: If there was a way to travel at the speed of light, there would be so much colonization. That's



the basis of the Million World theory in Frank Herbert's last *Dune* book. The human population just exploded beyond count because they acquired this technology, and they went. A million-planet empire came about.

RA: Do you think acid-washed jeans will ever make a comeback?

Adam: Yeah.

RA: Let's talk about your new song.

Andrew: Adam hates it.

RA: Why?

Adam: I don't hate it, I just want the stoner rock part, and no one will listen to me.

Andrew: We'll put a stoner rock part in another song.

Adam: We had a stoner rock part and it was so like Ink & Dagger but everyone's like, "Fuck you, dude!"

Andrew: Listen, I want to write songs where you don't say, "That part is so This Band."

Adam: That's not what I'm trying to say.

Andrew: I know what you mean... All I want is ugly rock.

Adam: Ugly rock is cool... I just think we should have left the stoner part.



Andrew: Well, when they found a way to go out of it-

Adam: We need the stoner part.

Andrew: No, not in that song.

Adam: Yes! Damn it. We need a stoner part.

Andrew: Not in that song, man.

Adam: Dude, it sounded awesome when we played it with the stoner part.

Andrew: Yeah, but we didn't even play it with the new part.

Adam: Wha?

Andrew: [slower for the drunk kid] We never played it with the new rock part.

Adam: But I still hear it. I hear it. It speaks to me.

Andrew: Whatever. I gotta say, there are five guys in the band. There are four guys who say, "Man. That stoner part, that's definitely for a different song."

RA: When are we going to hear the upcoming cd?

Adam: [completely ignoring the interviewer] The way it is, we'll never play a stoner part in any song, but we need the stoner part.

Andrew: We can rock this place out because we have the Brazil/Hospital split in the house.

Adam: Ok. Awesome. That makes me feel better already. In what house?

Andrew: In this house.

Adam: Right here?

Andrew: The cd is here.

Adam: Oh, awesome. [comfortable silence while Adam inhales a lungfull of smoke] My vote is for the stoner part that we cut out. It was so AWESOME!

RA: Will the song be on the cd?

Andrew: [unbeknownst to the interviewer, she has become invisible] It was so awesome? We played it once as a trial,



and THEN we stopped. We decided-

Adam: We played it once, and it gave me goosebumps.

RA: So you say the new song is about your mother?

Andrew: We decided rocking was so much better than being stoned.

Adam: Metal is a progression that needs stoner parts, or else we will grow stale.

Andrew: [mocks Adam] *Or else we will grow stale.* Jesus Cristos!

Kev: Do you like Rage Against the Machine?

\*\*\*[Kev ruins everything!!! Hospital has since broken up. R.I.P.]\*\*\*





## The Voyage

Sun breathing golden life into all surfaces  
Fresh as waterfall of juices from a  
ripened citrus  
A tiny isle one-fifth of our state,  
rays warming flesh and sparse concrete  
Land drips with sun honey,  
oozing from the head of a generous translucent bear

He takes my hand, guiding the way-  
I follow apprehensively.  
My feet are housed in protection, though  
others climb naturally, flesh on flesh, gripping earth  
loose rock is my torment, steep  
All this for an outdoor shower.

*Yo Star! WHITEY*  
*pretty pretty gyal dem, sheyape,*  
*mi like skettel, mi a gyallis, mi wanta yuh fat pum-pum.*  
*Si im daya, si im a gwaan.*  
*De flex*

Profound anonymity. All other, else  
Unconscious illusions awake  
Gasping for familiar, choking on strange.

Fried flour (dumplings, Johnny cakes) with mackerel,  
callaloo, cho-cho, breadfruit, and veg-ital  
ackee and saltfish  
blended juices  
New ambrosia and nectar, de natural ting ...

Heat a burden, all people move slow  
while the sun hot in midday  
Tank clings to tanned skin (though pale in comparison)  
in a land without AC any subtle breeze is a smile

*Psssssst!*  
*Yo, whitey! Sexy white gyal!*  
*Mi waa chat wi yuh.*  
*Yuh nuh waa fe talk wi mi? Bumbaclaat!!*

Pleading for my attention  
like spectators at the zoo visiting the monkey house.  
But who's more curious? Who's foreign?

White circus freak leading a parade of intrigue,  
not knowing the price of admission.  
Unknown parameters. Garbled tongues.

Skepticism. Paranoia.  
Echoes of reference, boisterous, obnoxious,  
laughing- knee-slapping jibes  
I don't find funny.  
Am I the object of their hysterics?  
I'd like to laugh along, too.  
Syllables half comprehensible  
but impossible to respond.  
Nights with tears as company...  
... when will this be easy?!

*De road too hot fe walk barefoot! he warns*  
But I dare regardless,  
Working toward tough feet.

Some stretch to me, nonthreatening  
but probing  
somewhat  
I can't really read them-  
not like I'm used to

*I 'n 'I believe in Haile Selassie I ,*  
*Prophet, descendent of King Solomon*  
*(wisest man ever)*  
*Ganja grow 'pon im grave*  
*So we mus use it-*  
*A tool from the Almighty Father.*  
*Jah! Rastafarai!*

Wisdom, Knowledge, and Overstanding

Observing. Participating.  
Strong, fiercely braving new existence.  
Patience, my dear,  
Listen hard. Ask of us what you will.  
We are ambassadors.  
Try to trust. Meditate.

The equation begins to be solved.

*Cuss-cuss nuh bore hole in a mi skin=*  
*"Words cannot hurt me"*  
*You shake man han', yuh nuh shake 'im heart—*  
*"You can't judge a book by its cover"*  
*Fowl run from hawk, but nyaam cockroach=*  
*"Different strokes for different folks"*

An ocean of clear sky looming above,  
illuminating jellyfish lights up waters  
Salt on my brow, stinging my eyes,  
lingering in my mouth  
I grab my handkerchief already damp to wipe away moisture

Walking alone, slowed to the rest,  
Sun song in my head  
And rhythmic words rising and falling.

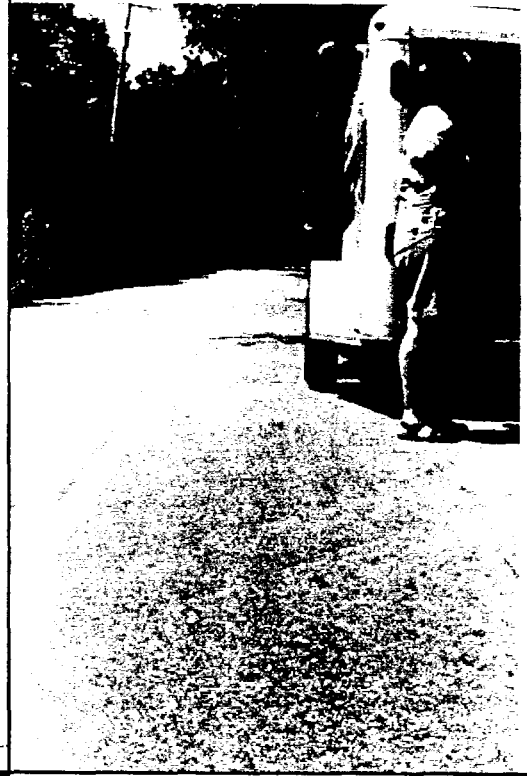
They call me Queenie,  
and I, too, dole out nicknames.  
Self-sufficient. Meshed.

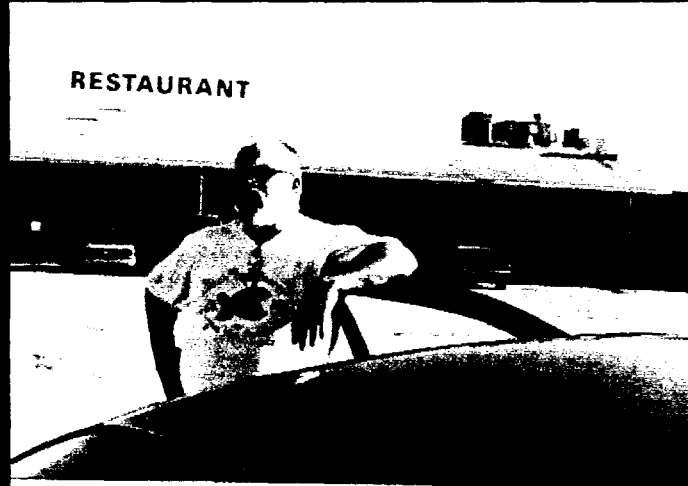
I walk down the road to a shop and make my purchase.  
"Yo, mi wanta cyat.  
Likkie more, mi brethren ... lata!"

I turn to leave,  
And trod off on calloused feet.

Jennifer Fae Moulton

# Colin May





these are some pictures from the great trek west.  
i hope everyone is doing well.

**RA** thought this was the perfect opportunity to ask everyone's favorite government organization the questions you've always been afraid to ask.

Interview by Erin Lottino

**"SOMETIMES THEY HAVE TO BE SHOT BECAUSE THEY'RE NOT DEAD."**

**RA:** Did your organization invent the wheel?

**IDT:** That's a good question. I have no idea. That goes way back to some Stone Age person I guess.

**RA:** Do you transport things in and/or out of Indiana?

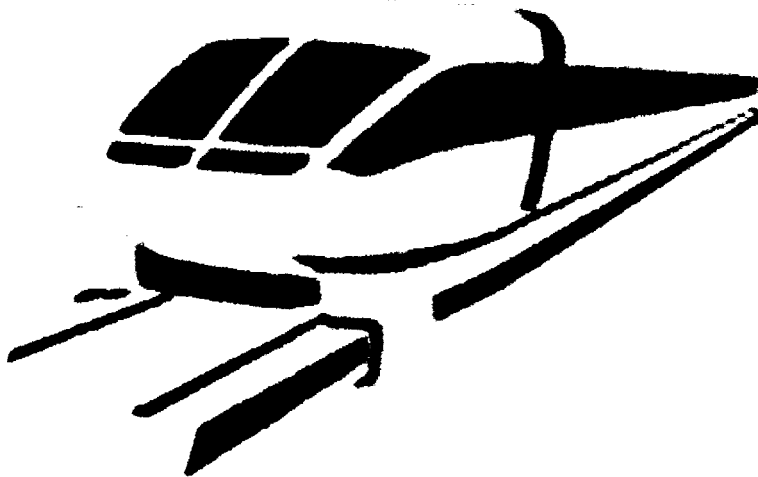
**IDT:** We mainly fix the roads in Indiana.

**RA:** Who digs the potholes in Muncie?

**IDT:** (very patiently) Makes the potholes?

**RA:** Yeah.

**IDT:** No, sometimes the roads give way and the asphalt whatever. It depends on the mixture. Salt is really hard on the roads. So are semis. There's just a lot to it.



**RA:** Why aren't there any highways that will take me from where I am to where I want to go?

**IDT:** There should be some, but there are a lot of detours right now.

**RA:** Lyle Lanley has some interesting ideas regarding transportation. Are you familiar with his work?

**IDT:** No.

**RA:** He was pondering the devastating effects of drunk driving. Since you can't outlaw alcohol (as we

saw with Prohibition) or cars (else how would we go to the mall?), why don't we build a monorail that goes past the bars to take all the drunks home? Would that be a good idea?

**IDT:** Oh, I think so.

**RA:** Is it a plan in Indiana?

**IDT:** There's one under construction right now.

**RA:** There is? Where?

**IDT:** Between the hospitals in Indianapolis.

**RA:** Can they build from one city to the other?

**IDT:** Well, of course this goes from one part of the city to the other. They run overhead. They have them in Japan. places like that. In fact, I did my senior project on a monorail at Purdue 30

**INDIANA**

**T R A N S**

years ago. Well, more than thirty years ago, but... We designed one to run from Chicago to Indianapolis.

**RA:** Why hasn't it caught on then?

**IDT:** We're just not populated enough. And, everyone likes to drive their cars so... I don't know. Disney has one. It's very popular. Have you ridden that one?

**RA:** No, I've never been there. How do you feel about the future of teleportation?

**IDT:** Well, if terrorism doesn't change



things, we're sort of moving towards mass transportation, more individualized... It seems like it. I don't know if that's true. Transportation people would like to tell you that.

RA: If I were caught traveling at the speed of light in a 30 zone how much would the ticket cost?

IDT: I think the signs out on 465 say 65 dollars, and it's double in a construction zone... so 135.

RA: Is it illegal to ride my donkey on the highway if I put a slow-moving vehicle sign on its ass?

IDT: Uh huh.

IDT: Feed it?

RA: --to your family?

IDT: It depends. Sometimes they have to be shot because they're not dead. You have to get a conservation officer to come out and shoot it for you. They may give it to you. They may not. It depends.



**'WELL, SIR, THERE'S NUTHIN' ON EARTH LIKE A GENUINE BONAFIDE ELECTRIFIED SIX CAR MONORAIL!'- LYLE LANLEY**

RA: How do you think the new state of matter will affect transportation as we know it?

IDT: A what?

RA: A new state of matter. The Bose-Einstein condensate.

RA: Do you drive around and have fun at your Christmas parties?

IDT: No, we drive around at work.

RA: What's the statute of limitations on road head?

IDT: Pardon me?

# DEPARTMENT OF P O R T A T I O N

IDT: Um, I'm not really sure. That would be something probably for our engineers or something, and they're gone for the day. I can tell you what we do. That's about it.

RA: What do you do?

IDT: We fix the roads, plow the roads, um, build the bridges, and build the roads, and pick the dead animals off the roads. That's our main thing.

RA: If you hit a deer, is it illegal to take it home and feed it—

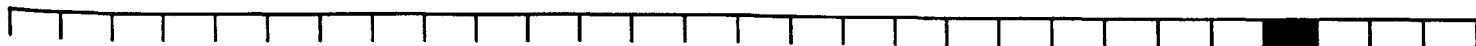
RA: You know, if you're going down on your husband?

IDT: I wouldn't know about that. You'd have to ask the state police about that.

RA: One last question. Who would win in a fight between a monkey and a dog?

IDT: (pause) I'm not really sure.

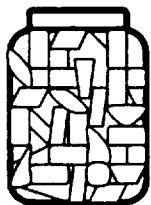
Good News! Run Amok is now an official member of the Monorail Society! If you want to become a member, go to [www.monorails.org](http://www.monorails.org).



## TRIVIA!!!

All right. It's clinically proven that losers are more prone to depression. Here's your chance to stop sucking. Just answer these questions correctly, then send them and a picture of yourself reading Run Amok to the address on back. The first 50 correct responses will get a free cd. We'll even hand deliver it because we're too cheap to pay for shipping.\*

1. What's the difference between an orange?
2. If you could put a bumper sticker on our hearse, what would it say?
3. Here is a picture of a jar.



How many dome lights are in this jar?

4. If your body were a car, what would be the year, make and model?
5. How many fingers am I holding up?
6. Who wrote the book of love?
7. Oh, baby, why don't you talk to me?
8. If I'm rolling down a hill in a canoe and the wheels fall off, how many pancakes does it take to cover a dog-house?

\* This is about the first time in this issue we've been serious. We're serious.

~reader's poll~  
What is your favorite  
road trip music?

**Piebald-** "It's a great way to start a road trip, especially a long one."

**Antarctica-** "It's great city driving music."-Colin May

**"Pinback during the day. Split Lip or anything you can dance to at night."** -Lindsey Jilbert

**"Gran Turismo by the Cardigans or Until Your Heart Stops by Cave In"** - Adam Norris

**"Angry Music."** - Julee Lottino

**"The Beatles Anthology- All three cds in a row."** -Shannon Coogan

**Sigur Ros or Paginini-** Depose (guitarist, the faint)

**"Shellac At action Park or Sonic Youth Bad Moon Rising, especially in the fall."** - Jason Simpson

## Horrorscopes

by Raven Sarcophagi

### Capricorn

Mercury and Venus line up in the third trimester. This is bad. You will accidentally use Clorox instead of a colorfast detergent on a load of black clothes.

### Aquarius

The waning moon is a time of good luck for you. Throw a slayer out to that attractive stranger you see on the bus. This will definitely yield results.

### Pisces

The stars are ambivalent. On one hand, you will have financial difficulties. On the other, the market is good for kidneys.

### Aries

Your cosmic exploits will air on a public access channel. To save your reputation, you may want to wear a paper bag over your head.

### Taurus

Someone will break your heart. Head them off at the pass with an iron breastplate.

### Gemini

You need a pinch of tomfoolery, hobnobbery, buggery and haberdashery in your life. Join the Merry Pranksters.

### Cancer

You're just doomed.

### Leo

Your fifteen minutes of fame will be on Fox's *When Animals Attack*.

### Virgo

People can see right through you. Better plug up those bullet holes.

### Libra

Bet on the monkey, because in a fight between a monkey and a dog, the monkey always wins.

### Scorpio

Your lucky number this month is 6. In the chamber, that is. Watch out for heavy artillery.

### Sagittarius

Do not trade mix tapes this month. Witches have set the evil eye on you.

**"Danielle Dax Jesus Egg that Wept and Mohave 3 Excuses for Travellers."** - Annah Landsman

**"Modest Mouse Lonesome Crowded West, Building Nothing Out of Something or anything by the Pixies. I like trying to sing like Black Francis, and Modest Mouse has all those great travel themes."** -Irene Cyszczon

**Mix tapes with themes. "I once made a tape that I called the Inverted Divine Comedy. It went musically from heaven to purgatory to hell."** -Andrew Gaub

## The Best Little Whore Cat in Muncie



I obtained Mootsie from one of the locals I worked with at the Dairy Queen. She was an all-black long hair, with two patches of white on her stomach and her tail. (It was not the cute little kittie tail playfully wagging about that you would expect. It was crazy. I'm not sure why... inbreeding perhaps? Species mixing? Perhaps her momma's momma had a run-in with an ornery squirrel?) Despite Mootsie's humble hillbilly beginnings, she soon showed signs of being a fine feline specimen.

She was adventurous. For instance, I had these large blue plastic cups (I had stolen them from my mom while packing for college) that Mootsie just couldn't help sticking her whole head into whenever she saw one. She didn't know what they contained. It could've been water; it could've been household cleaner. Mootsie didn't know... but you see, that was all part of the adventure.

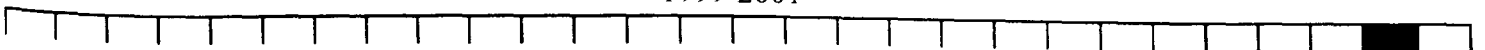
Mootsie was also a fierce warrior. I often found her proudly carrying around her catch of the day: one of the stuffed beanie frogs I kept on my bed. In fact, she was such a cunning huntress, she even caught the same beanie ten, possibly even twenty times!

And beyond her daring hunter skills, Mootsie was apparently good at a few other things as well... and one beautiful June day she gave birth to five healthy kittens. Two Siamese and three tabbies. That's right, the litter had two fathers. Evidently Mootsie was a whore. However, instead of Johns, Mootsie was picking up Toms; tomcats that is (clearly with an affinity for foreign men...wink, wink).

In any case, the kittens were cute as hell, and Mootsie was still one of the best kitties ever. And I say kittie because she was just over a year old. Sadly though, Mootsie was hit by a car in mid-October and went to kittie heaven. I would like to thank Adam for taking such good care of her and loving her as much, if not more than I did.



In loving memory of Mootsie  
1999-2001



Run Amok  
322 'A' N. McKinley Ave  
Muncie, IN 47303

[run\\_amok\\_now@yahoo.com](mailto:run_amok_now@yahoo.com)



Photo Courtesy of Alan K. Simons



# *Run Amok*



*Brazil  
spitshine  
Mary Karr  
D.A.R.Y.L.*

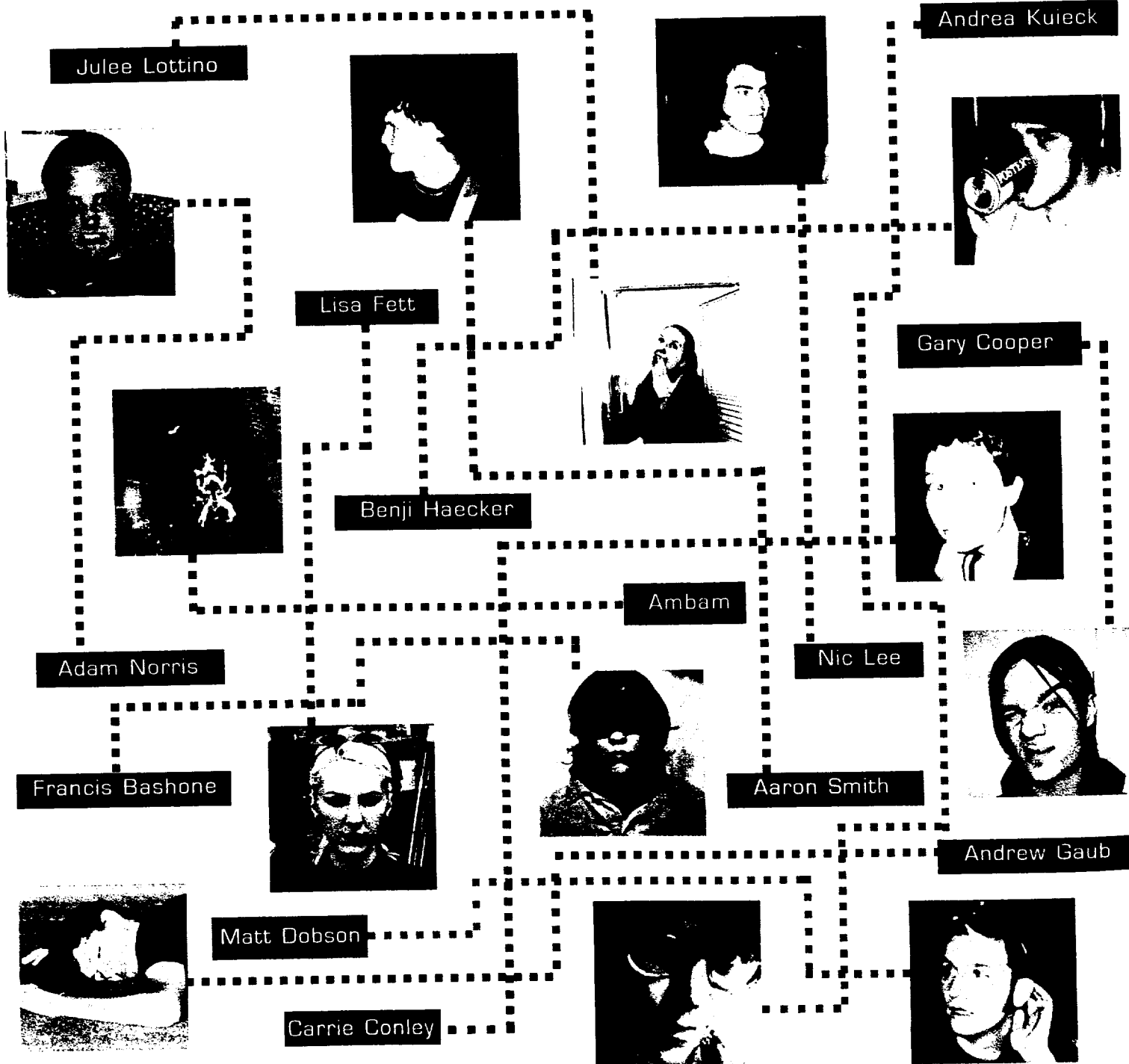
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photos

letters to the editors

$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  30  
**Pg**  
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-32-18-4

poetry

spitshine

$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  21  
**Pg**  
207.2  
-32-18-4

short stories

$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  5  
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D.A.R.Y.L.

Brazil

$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  12  
**Pg**  
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Mary Karr

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art

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brain aneurysm

photo

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**Pg**  
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$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  28  
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reader's poll

$\begin{smallmatrix} +2 \\ +4 \end{smallmatrix}$  32  
**Pg**  
207.2  
-32-18-4

trivia winner

## Letters to the Editors

**Dear Run Amok,**

i know the first issue has been out for a while, but i guess i'm not cool enough to get my own copy. i've been reading little by little and i just finished the whole thing all the way through today and i really wanted to compliment and congratulate you guys it's FUCKING awesome... the photography was interesting (especially b to the mutha fuckn ill). the interviews were funny as shit and the short stories were entertaining to say the least... i dont know when you guys are planning to put out the next one, but if you'd be so gracious to accept, i could send a few of my own pictures that ive taken to possibly fill a little space in the coolest zine in town if you decide they are worthy.

let me know please if any of you are at all interested

**Thanks for making a cool zine**

**gary cooper**

p.s. i'm an aries.... i bet you had no idea the smart ass horoscopes would actually be true

Smartass? Raven Sarcophagi earned his Astrological Practitioner license from the highly reputed Miss Cleo, and he wishes to express his disdain for your slanderous comment. We, on the other hand, enjoyed your fawning. Do go on.

The first issue kicked asses misses molasses  
~Aaron Paul Brakke

Are you implying that we're slow? We resent that. Oh, oooh, wait. We get it now. Asses molasses. Ha. Sorry, Mr. Misty. We're slow.

*Dear Run A-Suck,*

*I was sorry to see you put my unfortunate quote in the last issue. For the record, I would like to say I don't really listen to "angry music" on road trips—I've never even been on a road trip. Please refrain from using me in any future articles.*

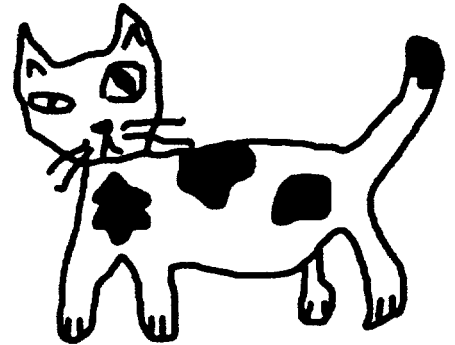
*Julie Bottino*

We do not apologize for printing your quote in the last issue. We print the truth. However, in the future we will not publish any more of your contributions because Run Amok wishes to absolve itself from any accusations of nepotism.

you make me laugh!  
Benjamin Hunt

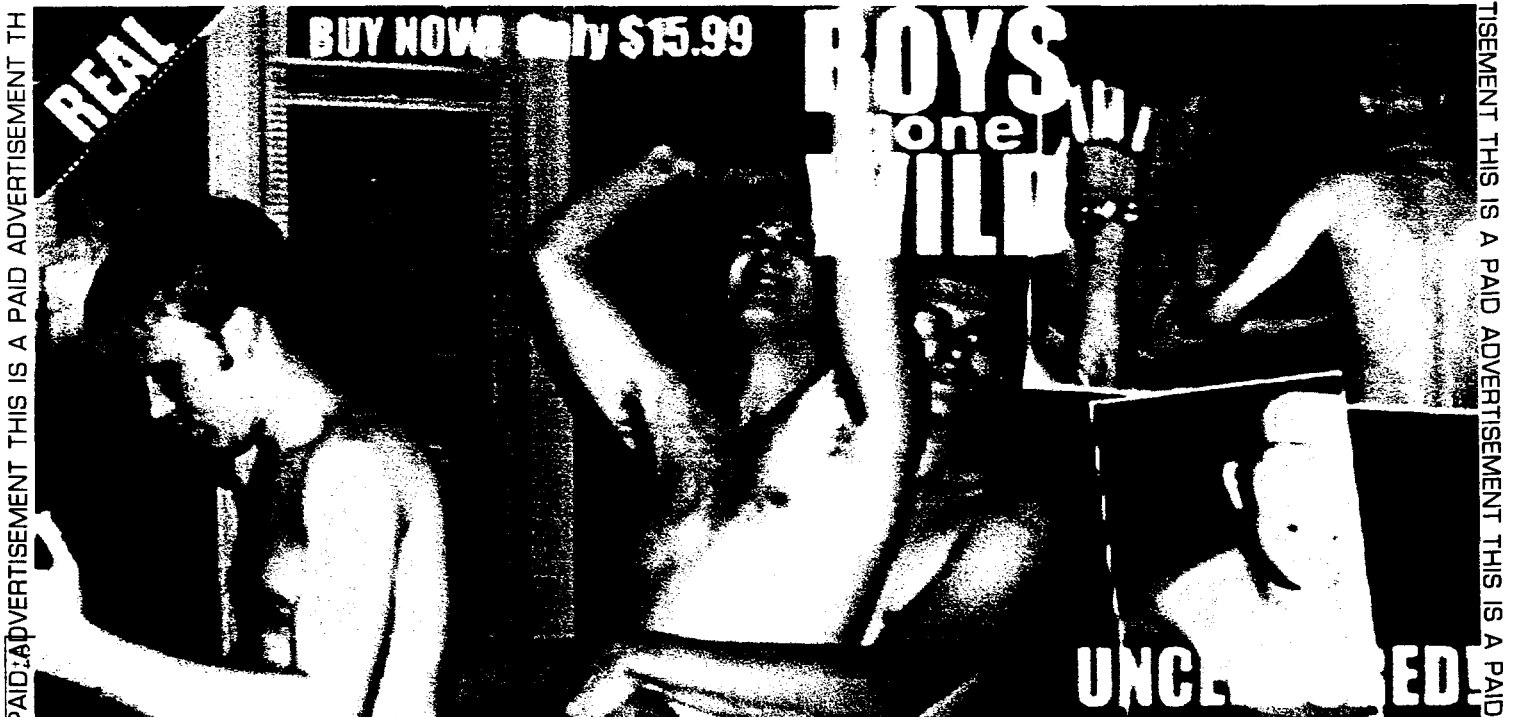
We laugh at you, too.

For all of you who have something to say about us or our zine but are too smarmy to say it to our faces, you are food poisoning. Now we draw your cat.



**What a heffer.**

THIS IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT THIS IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT THIS IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT THIS IS A PAID ADVER



**ERTISEMENT THIS IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT THIS IS A PAID ADVERTISEMENT THIS IS A**



photo by Lisa Fett

Interview by Irena Czystochon and Erin Lottino. Photos by Heather Neiheisel.

We made a CD.

**Song #1 Guster covering Journey's "Faithfully."**

*Highway run/ Into the midnight sun...*

Aaron: What's this?

RA: A Journey cover.

Aaron: By who? I thought it sounded familiar, but bad.

RA: Do you want to guess who it is?

Aaron: Is it Ryan Ramsey? That was a little Spitshine-esqe.

Ben: The road is no place to start a family.

*The roooooad is no place to start a faaaaaamily.*

Aaron: Dude, you've been listening to this song too much.

Ben: I listen to Journey very often.

Aaron: This is one of those bad MP3's where some guy plays during a sound check.

RA: Do you agree the road is no place to start a family?

Ben: What goes on the road stays on the road.

RA: Elaborate?

Ben: There are rules.

Aaron: Uh-oh.

Ben: Not in the same area code.

Aaron: The Marilyn Manson rules. If her breasts are fake. If her name starts with the same letter as your girlfriend. Man, I had those memorized on tour. I didn't meet any girls, and I didn't have a girlfriend, but I had those memorized.

Newby: You had something happen on tour. It involved chestal nudity.

RA: Your chest, or someone else's?

Aaron: Oh, man, I was sooooo out of it, and this girl decided to rub her breasts in my face! That was the rock star night where we got paid a hundred dollars to drink for free all night.

RA: Was this during your show?

Newby: No, we didn't play that night.

RA: You just got paid a hundred bucks?

Nic: To get treated like rock stars.

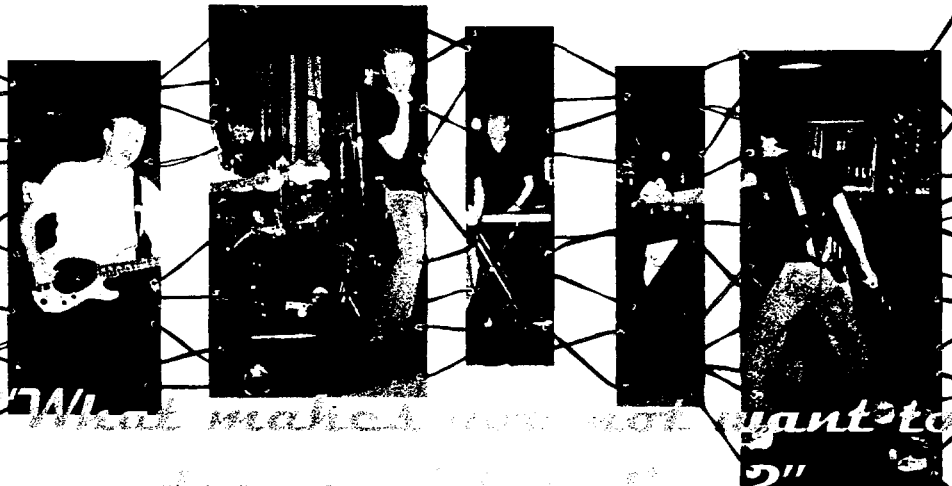
Aaron: They took us in and made us hang out with people who thought we were a really famous band. They bought us drinks all night. Can we skip this song now?

**Song #2 The Eternals "Atom and Evol."**

Aaron: This is cool, what's this?

RA: The Eternals.

Aaron: That's what I thought. (moment of silence to appreciate the quality music) Makes me want to dance with ladies.



Ben: What makes you not want to dance with ladies?

Aaron: So this is a good song. What does everyone else think?

Newby: It's all right. I'd buy it out of the used bin.

Ben: I like the people clapping.

Newby: I'd accept it if somebody gave it to me for free.

RA: Would you use the CD as a coaster?

Newby: I might sell it in my distro.

Aaron: This is going to sound stupid because you can tell I have an At the Drive-In shirt on on the website, but I was at an At the Drive-In show, and

Cedric was like, "If you don't like The Eternals, you don't know real music." So ever since then, I've wanted to hear The Eternals.

Ben: (whispers in RA's ear) You can edit that out.

Aaron: Next?

RA: Don't you want to dance?

Newby: Is this some kind of weird psychological test?

RA: Yeah.

Newby: Check our reaction with an audio Rorschach test.

RA: I think you're paranoid.

Ben: Did we pass? (rubs RA's cords) I just wanted to know what your cords feel like.

Newby: I think I have pants like this. Where did you get these?

RA: A thrift store.

**Song #3 Sonic Youth remixed Can's "Spoon."**

Newby: I'm having dirty thoughts.

Aaron: Totally. Is this Massive Attack?

RA: No.

Ben: Is this humping music?

RA: Is this true trip-hop?

Aaron: It sounds like it so far.

Newby: It depends. If the next noise that comes in is like a "Wha he ah hah," then

yes. If it's a waka guitar, then it's something else entirely.

RA: Everybody close their eyes and tell me what you see.

Newby: Johnny.

Aaron: In his underwear. Playing wood blocks.

Ben: Oh, my gosh, it's a giant ferret.

Aaron: I'm not hearing the "Wha ha ah hah." Is it Korn?

RA: Close, Slipknot.

Ben: (in his best Slipknot voice) I hate my dad.

RA: Did you say, "I ate" or "I hate my dad?"

Ben: Take it how you heard it.

Newby: I like it. I'd do step aerobics to it.

Ben: I'd dance around a fire to it.

the rear monitor, and he goes, "Can I get more in the rear?" I burst out laughing.

Ben: Preach it.

Newby: Is that the band with two bass guitars? I saw them open for Man or Astro Man.

RA: Was it Man or Astro Man Alpha or Omega?

Newby: It wasn't the girls. It was the guys. Isn't the girl band called Cervotron?

Ben: Cervotron? That a good name. It's very vaginal.

Newby: Is this the next song? Are we supposed to comment on this song?

Ben: If I was a girl, I'd walk around with a pillow under my shirt. Nine months later, I would adopt an Asian baby, just to get dirty looks.

RA: I used to go dancing at bars, and these old men wouldn't leave me alone. So I decided to ask them, "What do you think of children?" This one guy goes, "My own?" Then he proceeded to tell me that I'd never pick up guys asking questions like that.

Ben: Yeah. "What do you think of gonorrhea? What's your take on that?"

RA and Brazil sing to the tune of La Tigre's "What's Your Take on Cassavettes?": What's your take on gonorrhea?

Ben: That's a good song. I think it's coming out on their new cd.

Newby: Aaron must be talking to someone really important [on the phone].

Nic: We're being invited to play on Saturday Night Live.

Newby: Or Winona Ryder.

Ben: Winona Ryder got arrested for shoplifting Zoloft without a perscription. That's my kind of girl.

Newby: She's not edge.

Ben: Like she needs to steal.

RA: Is that obsessive compulsive disorder?

Ben: It's called thievery.

RA: No! It's that need to fulfill your sex drive. The hunt and kill.

Newby: Gwen Stefani got arrested in Indianapolis for stealing a few years ago. Can you edit out my Muncie accent?

RA: You don't have a Muncie accent.

Newby: I bet I do.

#### ***Song #4 Bob Dylan covering Radiohead's "Creep."***

*You float like a fea-eather/ in a beautiful wuuuuld*

Ben: Is this Radiohead? Dylan doing Radiohead? Seriously?

RA: Yeah (laughing).

Ben: That is really funny.

*Cuz I'm a creeeeeeeeeep*

Aaron (off of the phone) : That is not Bob Dylan. That is so bad.



RA: One of the songs we were going to use was Pink Floyd's "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Dancing Around a Fire." [sic] [Shit-for-brains re-names the song in her little la-de-da faerieland fantasy world. It's really "Several Species of Small Furry Animals Gathered in a Cave and Grooving with a Pict."]

Newby: What album is that from?

RA: *Ummagumma*. (Shit-for-brains got that right, at least.)

Newby: Never heard that.

Aaron: (back to the song) It is trip-hop. It's got the trip-hop voice. It's not Morcheeba, is it?

Newby: Can I get more cheeba in the monitor?

RA: I was at a Shellac show once, and Dianogah opened for them. The guy wanted more sound in

RA: This is still the same song.

Newby: Many moods. I like it.

RA: Like "And So It Goes."

Newby: Yeah? What did you think of that song? Our dad rocks.

Ben: What did you think of his hat? Didn't his hat rule?

RA: Yeah, it did. [To Nic and his sock monkey] Why do you have three pillows on you?

Nic: Because I was making space for Aaron.

RA: I thought it was a security blanket.

Newby: Security monkey.

RA: I don't think I told you that the last song was Sonic Youth remixing Can.

Newby: I forgot how it went.

RA: It was the emotional one. Multimoodular.

Newby: Multimoodular? I moved into a moodular home.

RA: How do you feel about that?

Newby: Sometimes I'm moodgy. I'm happy and I'm sadgy. That many moods song was techno. I didn't know Sonic Youth was techno.

Aaron: Well, neither is Can.

RA: Can tends to be kind of dansy.

*I wish I were spe-cial/ What the hell am I doing he-re?*

Aaron: I can't handle any more of this. I'm sorry.

Newby: It sounds like Bob Dylan on a bungee cord.

Brazil: heeeeeooooooooooooor?

RA: Did you guys think that was really Dylan?

Ben: That could have been anybody, because anybody can do a good Bob Dylan.

Aaron: Especially Tom Petty.

**Song #5 Krokus, "Smelly Nelly."**

Aaron: Is this ZZ Top? That guy sounds like he has a beard. It's vaguely rockin'. Is this Yahweh Mumstein? Is it Iron Maiden?

Newby: This is something we'd listen to in the van when we ran out of cd's.

Aaron: If you won an arm wrestling contest with me.

Newby: Yeah. In a biker bar.

*Ooooooooooooooooooh Smelly Nelly!*

Aaron: What's this? This is just a bad bar band, isn't it?

RA: No. It's from 1981.

Newby: Is it a Christian band?

Ben: Stryper?

RA: A Christian band with a song called "Smelly Nelly?"

Aaron: "Smelly Nelly?" This is awful!

Newby: That's the name of this song? So it is trucker rock.

Aaron: So it's Golden Earring because they did that "Radar Love" song.

*Ooooooooooooooooooh Smelly Nelly!*

Ben: Something *more* vaginal.

Aaron: Did you make a vaginal reference because you heard a Nirvana b-side?

Ben: "Moist Vagina?"

RA: NO! You cheated!

Aaron: No, I didn't! I know [RA], and he said vaginal, so I thought it was that song. I think dirty things.

Ben: You and vaginal, it's like right in the basket.

RA: It's not Nirvana's "Moist Vagina."



*I moved into a moodular home.*

Aaron: Can we just know who this bad band is so I never buy this cd?

RA: Krokus.

Aaron: This is Krokus? Like the girl from *Gummd*?

RA: "I always do and I always do, take care of 'em!"

Newby: I like it when that girl is doing aerobics. The mentally challenged girl with no eyebrows.

RA: Yeah, with porn poms!

Aaron: They should have had that girl ripping tape off her nipples.

RA: Gross!

Aaron: That's pretty smelly nelly.

Newby: Just think of all the hairs, like a little forest!

Aaron: Before we look bad, change the subject.

Newby: Let's talk about art.

Aaron: Big retarded girls are allowed to listen to Brazil. We love them.

Ben: I condone it!

Aaron: I suggest it! Cool, that's song's over. What's next?

**Song #6 Slowdive covering Guns N' Roses "Sweet Child O' Mine."**

Aaron: Is this another cover? It's Sheryl Crow doing "Sweet Child O' Mine," isn't it?

Ben: Obviously!

Newby: [like Dylan] Woooah woooh wooooooooah.

Aaron: Is it Bob Dylan again?

Ben: Didn't Tori Amos just do covers?

Aaron: There's no piano.

RA: No, but she did do Slayer's "Raining Blood."

*She's got a smile that it seems to me*

Aaron: Is this some sort of elevator music crap? Now that I say that, you'll tell me that it's Thurston Moore.



RA: No. You don't like shoegazer, do you?

Aaron: No. My Bloody Valentine still hasn't put out an album.

RA: No, but the girl from Snowpony is the girl from...

Aaron:... My Bloody Valentine! Thank you!

RA: Do you like My Bloody Valentine?

Aaron: I can't get into the way it's mixed. It's just these giant guitars...

Aaron: I'm starting to get hot.

Newby: So, anyway...

Aaron: What's the next song?

***Song #7 Sonic Youth covers Nirvana's "Moist Vagina."***

Ben: (within first 2 notes) "Moist Vagina."

Aaron: It is? It is. Nice, Ben. Way 2 go!

Newby: What? Say it again.

Aaron: Wet Coochie. But it's not Nirvana. It's a band with a stand-up bass.

*I preferred her to any other*

Aaron: Is it Sonic Youth?

RA: It's from the "Sunday" single.

RA: It embraces you.

Aaron: On the cover of that CD, there were seahorses, and there was a song called "Moist Vagina."

Ben: Seahorses are creepy.

Aaron: Seahorses rule because the dad has to carry a baby.

Ben: Like Arnold.

RA: Arnold?

Ben: Haven't you seen *Junior*, where Arnold Schwarzenegger has to carry the baby.

Aaron: What's up, Nic?

Ben: How do you feel about vaginas?

[Nic pantomimes labia by placing his cupped hands as if in prayer and flaps them.]

Aaron: Is that the vaginal version of Mr. Burns?

Ben: (imitates Nic) Excellent.

"Sober" begins to play, and Aaron jumps up and claps wildly, happy that we would play such an excellent song for them.

Aaron: Tool! Oh, wait. This is my cd.

Newby: Nic is laughing uncontrollably.

Aaron: He's peeing his pants.

Ben: (making fun of Nic's adorable black and white striped socks) Uncle Fester is peeing his pants.

Newby: His Beetlejuice socks are curling up and down.

Ben: Could be Wicked Witch of the West.

[Nic's toe pops out of his sock.]

Ben: That is so Popeye.

Newby: I wish your big toe were a little bigger and had a big band-aid on it.

***Song #8 John Philip Sousa, US Naval Theme "Anchor's Away."***

Aaron: This song rocks me. (blows raspberries and gives the thumbs-down)

RA: But what's it called?

Aaron: Dumb.

Newby: I think it's cool, at least on that pink album, they make it sound like it's on a warped record.

Aaron: Who is it?

RA: Slowdive.

Newby: Didn't they play at FN Music? Oh, that was Slowride.

Ben: (imitates RA) Oh, Ben, you're such an animal.

Aaron: Oh, Ben, stop making a fool of yourself.

Nic: Reminds me of a middle school dance.

Ben: This is totally makeout music.

Aaron: You want to make out to the original version, but you can't unless it's a girl who wears Iron Maiden shirts cut all the way down (points to sternum).

Newby: Dude, that's sexy.

Ben: I used to listen to this on the bus on the way to school.

Aaron: This is better than the original.

***Marijuana***

Ben: I've been listening to *In Utero* constantly in the shower. It's a religious experience. I listen to "Radio Friendly Unit Shifter" and put it on repeat.

Aaron: That will knock you out if you listen to it more than twice.

Ben: Imply what you will. I used to giggle because this was about a vagina.

Aaron: Me, too. You're in eighth grade, and it comes out, and you're like "Hee, hee."

Ben: Now I embrace it.

Newby: Der Fuhrer Meister.

Aaron: "Anchor's Away?"

RA: YEAH!

Aaron: That makes me the homosexual member of the band, because I know sailor songs. Wait! That's boat rock!

RA: YEAH! [RA is well rounded as well as witty.]

**Song #9 Sonic Youth covering Danny Elfman's "The Simpsons Theme."**

Ben: The Simpsons?

[It is so distorted, it sounds like it's being played with knives on violins.]

Newby: Is this Motorhead?

RA: [indignant that he has confused Sonic Youth with Motorhead] It's Sonic Youth.

**Song #10 Dismemberment Plan covering the Cure's "Close to Me."**

Newby: I like this.

Ben: Is this Catherine Wheel?

Aaron: What's this a cover of? I kind of like it. The voice sounds familiar.

*I've waited hours for this. I've made myself so sick.*

RA: Why don't you guess what song it is?

Aaron: I can't tell.

RA: Here's a hint: It's a Cure song. What do you think, Ben?

Ben: [in a silly-billy voice] I think Newby's silly. Should've stayed asleep today. I know the name of it. It's on the tip of my tongue.

*I never thought tonight could ever be/ this close to me*

RA: He just said it.

Ben: The Get Up Kids cover this too, and I played it for you on tour. You were like, this is kinda good.

Aaron: If the Get Up Kids cover it, then we should know the name.

Ben: Close to Me! What's up! In the house! Raise the roof.

RA: By?

Newby: I don't know. Dj Shadow.

RA: Dismemberment Plan.

Newby: I have never heard of them before.

Aaron: I put them on in the van. Nobody liked it. I don't think we even finished the cd. Probably because that was after Daryl

Aaron: Well, that's what is was.

RA: You act like it's a dirty pair of underwear that you found in the couch or the glove compartment.

Aaron: So what is this?

RA: Nic will give you three hints.

Aaron: This isn't a game show.



from Cancer Conspiracy talked crap about them.

Ben: I heard they were pretty terrible live.

**Song #11 Pink Floyd, "It would be so Nice."**

RA: It's not a cover.

Aaron: It sounds like someone trying to do the Flaming Lips, or the Flaming Lips were trying to be them.

Newby: It reminds me of Queen in South Florida.

Aaron: It's so cute!

RA: Nic, what do you think?

Newby: Nic listens to Mr. Children and Mutant Stereo; Hysterical Blue, and Japanese bands.

RA: You like Japanese noise?

Newby: Pocket Biscuits.

Aaron: This sounds like it could be some of that Vietnamese pop stuff that we found in Johnny's car, er Johnny's house.

Ben: His couse?

RA: The first word rhymes with stink, and the second with android. Stink Android.

Aaron: Pink Floyd? This sounds like Syd Barret. Syd Barret did some awful awful stuff. It's like that Spinal Tap song where they're all like, "Listen." The song with the flower people.

**Song #12 Frank Zappa, "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow."**

Newby: This is...

Aaron: Frank Zappa.

Newby: "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow."

Aaron: His voice is so unmistakeable. I wish I knew about Frank Zappa. He seems so awesome. There's such an immense amount of stuff, it's hard to get into unless all your friends already like Frank Zappa.

Newby: I like that picture of him sitting on the toilet. I like his nose.

Aaron: I like his daughter.

Newby: Moon Unit. I like the name.

Aaron: I don't think I've ever seen a picture of her. She was in some sitcom.

RA: No, she was a VH1 vj.

Newby: I like Far Fucker. Isn't that one of his kids? I like Black and Decker.

Aaron: Pighead. Oh, that's the guy from the Grateful Dead.

Newby: How many kids does he have?

Newby: And he's known as one of the craziest, out-there musicians. It proves that it doesn't take a mind full of drugs.

Aaron: But it does take out-there thinking, no matter how you get there.

xBenx raises X-Ben wristwatch.

Aaron: I keep getting a picture of this joke where the polar bears were excited because they eat people in igloos and it's crunchy on the outside and pink and chewy on the inside.

### *Song #13 Talking Heads, "Stay Up Late."*

Newby: Is it Wham?

Aaron: Is this Big Audio Dynamite covering the Clash? It's a cover, yeah? No?

Newby: What do you think, Nic?

Aaron: Nic really is in the band.

*Little pee-pee/ little toes*

Newby: Did he say "poopie?"

Aaron: He says "little pee-pee." Husky wee-wee to a little pee-pee.

Newby: We're on a scatological humor kick here.

RA: This should go in the bathroom issue.

Ben: Is this Talking Heads?

RA: You've gotten 10 out of 11.

Newby: One of the guys from Talking Heads is doing the next Juliana Theory album.

Aaron: Producing it? David Byrne?

RA: Juliana Theory? That could get big.

Aaron: They are big now. I like the Talking Heads. I'm all about them. (sings) Once in a lifetime. This is not your perfect house.

Ben: I only have the record with the monkey on the front.

RA: This is "Stay Up Late," and it's from *Little Creatures*. Were any of you in marching band in high school?

Ben, Newby, Nic: I was.

Newby: I was in it and I taught it.

Aaron: Nic, what did you play? Nic, talk.

Nic: (whispers) bass drum.

Newby: Nic said, "Bass drum."

Ben: It's not funny to make fun of mute people.

[Thank you, Brazil. And RA was afraid we'd come out of this interview with diminished morals.]

www.braziltheband.com

Aaron: I thought he just had two.

RA: He has three, because there's also Dweezil and Ahmet.

Ben: That would suck.

RA: He must have gotten teased.

Newby: Frank Zappa's so funny. He talks about eating snow with dog pee on it.

Aaron: He's crazy.

Ben: He's dead.

Newby: Only he would have a black choir singing, "Yellow snow."

Aaron: Just for one part.

RA: This could almost be Wesley Willis, except Frank Zappa doesn't end every song with, "Rock on London. Rock on Chicago." That's the only difference.

Aaron: It's so awesome that Frank Zappa didn't do drugs. He was just like, "No, they're not for me."

### *Great Googly Moogly!*

Ben: "Great Googly Moogly!" They said that in that commercial where he paints the wrong team on the end-zone.

Aaron: This just sounds like drug music doesn't it?

RA: A lot of people who listened to it did drugs.

Aaron: Everybody who listened to it ever was doing drugs.

Newby: It's so funny because it's about eating pee.

Aaron: It's a primitive snow cone.

Newby: It's a salty snow cone.

*And the husky wee-wee*

Ben: Is that like a big penis?

RA: You get a time-out.

Ben: I will not be censored. ...moist husky wee-wee is my favorite thing...



print by Matt Dobson

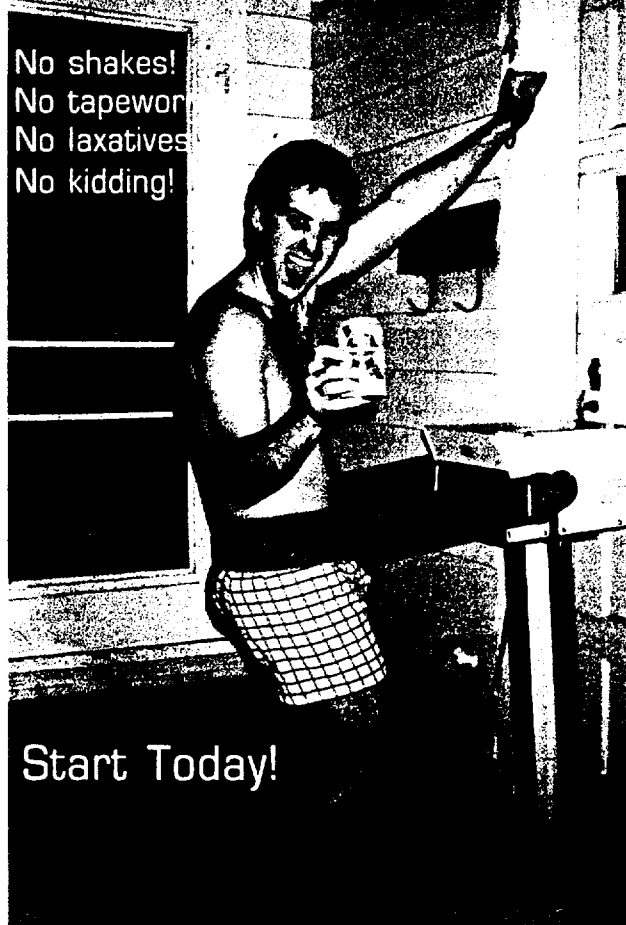


Now a public  
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The  
**National**  
**Union for**  
**Tolerating**  
**Schizos**  
would like to  
remind you that  
June is Spay-  
Your-Psycho  
Month.

photo by Gary Cooper

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photo by Gary Cooper

Ezekiel and Isadora  
by Irene Czystozon

"Wait, I want this to be special." Isadora grabbed her shirt and put it back on, accidentally inside out, and pulled Ezekiel behind her by one of his belt loops.

"It will be special because it's just you, me, and the stars, pussycat."

"Shut up, Easykill, and just follow me."

"Reowrr. So, where are we going?" Ezekiel's foot rolled over a fallen ear of corn, but he quickly regained his balance.

"You'll see." Isadora turned to show him her smile, the smile of a cat that just ate the family parakeet. Ezekiel could see her burping out a feather. He knew she loved surprises, but surprises were hard to come by ever since the People's Liberty Union gained majority control of both the Senate and House last election—if you could even call it an election. Every news show on all the major networks reported that the losing candidates either switched to the PLU or went home, and sure, some of them stayed to work in Washington, but too many ended up missing or died in automobile accidents.

Either way, that was twenty years ago, and Ezekiel could hardly imagine what life was like before the reforms. He did remember his fifth birthday, before birthdays were outlawed. All the other kids' half-open mouths and gaping eyes mirrored his as he savored each present for a minute before ripping into the wrapping like a starved lion. That was the day he got his Frodo the Hobbit action figure. The Lord of the Rings trilogy was turned into a television series, and Ezekiel was in love with the undersized hero.

But now there was only one birthday, November 20, the birth of the new nation, the United People of America. If you got action figures for Our Birth, they were United People Army men or women. They made other toys, but out of fear or patriotism, parents only bought their kids the recommended toys on the list in the Unified People's Newsletter.

Isadora and Ezekiel finally found their way out of Cornfield Collective 412-5. They hopped on their bikes and pedaled fast.

They rode up the dirt path by Isadora's house. "Dorrie, I thought you said your parents were home."

"Shhhhhh! We're not going inside the house." Isadora ducked when she rode past the window and smiled her proud feline smile again.

Ezekiel followed her to the small barn about a hundred feet behind the house. Isadora grabbed the edge of the door and leaned her weight back to pull it open a foot. She slithered in sideways. Ezekiel imitated her. The earthy, musky sweet smell of hay attacked his senses. Gradually he made out shapes in the dark of the barn. There were diagonal and horizontal oak beams above him, the angular outline of the John Deere to his right, rounded hills of hay like a golf course before him.

"Oh, a roll in the hay, eh?"

"Not quite."

Ezekiel squinted to make the most of the moonlight that elbowed its way through the spaces between the boards. He sneezed. Twice. Then he heard the creak of a metal hinge.

"Your chariot awaits," said Isadora.

Ezekiel walked towards her. No, it couldn't be. No, there's no way. "No."

"Yes."

"No, this is not...a car?"

"1989 Firebird. An antique."

"But...everyone had to give their cars up ten years ago! For the rails and the tanks and shells—"

"You can't tell anybody about this!"

"No, of course not. How did your parents keep it?"

"My mom knew the Steel Retrieval Inspector General for the county. She tutored him all through high school. He said if it weren't for her, he would have dropped out and worked on the farm full-time."

"What's wrong with that?"

"He's allergic to cows. Breaks out in hives. Besides, I think he's always had a crush on her."

"Wow." Ezekiel ran his hand along the leather seats. Cold and smooth with tiny ripples.

Isadora smacked his rear end. "Get in already."

"Yes, ma'am."

\* \* \*

"Do you remember the first time we were in this back seat?" Isadora shifted towards Ezekiel under the blanket.

"That's what I was just thinking about. It was exactly three months ago."

"You were so scared, like you were committing high treason for sitting in it."

"No, it was more like I was defiling something sacred." Ezekiel snickered at how that came out.

"God!" Isadora smacked his arm and laughed.

"Shhh, someone's coming into the barn," whispered Ezekiel.

"Is it my parents?"

"It's a group of guys. Looks like three, no, four of them."

"It's in here somewhere," said one of the men.

"I can't see a goddamn thing," said a second.

"It doesn't matter. Just pour the gas along the perimeter. If you have any left, dump it in the middle. Hurry up!"

Isadora and Ezekiel clutched each other tightly. Isadora's breathing was quick and shallow. Ezekiel couldn't tell if the pounding in his chest was his heart or hers. He clung onto Isadora tighter, trying to still the pounding. But it just got louder. He wrapped his arms tighter around her back and grasped her shoulders in his fists. But the pounding was louder still!

"Ouch," whispered Isadora.

"Sorry."

"We need to get out of here."

Isadora was up on the windshield like a bug smashed on the inside. "Is that fire?"

Ezekiel and Isadora jumped out of the car half-naked. Flames blocked the door. Ezekiel dove back into the car and grabbed the blanket. He wrapped it around the both of them, and they jumped through the fire. Ezekiel could feel pain in his feet, but he didn't know if they were burned or cut.

"Are you okay, Dorrie?" But Isadora didn't answer. She stared at the barn. Except for the occasional flames licking at the door frame, it didn't look like there was a fire inside. The moon was full and illuminated the backyard. There were just the two of them. The tree swing was swaying as if by a ghost. Crickets chirped by the hundreds. For a moment, Isadora and Ezekiel were just two young lovers snuggled in a blanket, looking up at the stars instead of a future they could never have.

If I Were Wannabe Goth  
by Julie Lottino

Some days I wish the sun would stop shining on my soul. Some days I wish my name was Orgasma Asphixiana. Some days... I wish I were wannabe goth.

If I were wannabe goth I would smoke my weed out of a bowl shaped like a dragon.

If I were wannabe goth I would have the opposite of tan lines.

If I were wannabe goth I would understand that Rose McGowen needed the money and had to go from making funny low-budget teen horror movies that appealed to my blood-thirsty tastes to starring on *Charmed* with the chick from *Who's The Boss*.

On the other hand, if I were wannabe goth I would be happy that Marilyn Manson dumped her way-too-sexy ass so I could have a better chance at marrying him.

If I were wannabe goth, my boyfriend would probably look a lot more like Robert Smith. However, his darkened soul would not allow him to feel like Robert's does.

If I were wannabe goth, I would have self-inflicted razor wounds in plain view and act like I didn't want anybody to see them.

If I were wannabe goth, I would have at least three books filled with shitty poetry about how nobody understands me.

If I were wannabe goth, I would show those books to people I just met and then wonder why even they don't understand me.

If I were wannabe goth I would still sing N\*Sync in the shower.

Alas, I will never have steel-toed Doctor Martens that I even wear when it's 90 degrees. I will never go on Ricki Lake to tell my mom I'm a vampire. I will never be... wannabe goth.



by Adam Norris  
(who is too lazy for titles)

Windows down and Tony Bennet blasting, Alfred W. Barton roared across the New Mexico desert towards the semi-oasis of Carlsbad. The blazing sun had reached its hazy apex and had begun its descent into an afternoon of yellow which would give way to red and then black.

Glancing in the newly polished mirrors, he scanned the road for signs of life. Seeing no other motorists, Alfred decided to test his new Ford Explorer to the limit. Stabbing his foot into the accelerator, he thought of his wife as the engine leaped into full submission and the needle plummeted below the speedometer's grasp.

\* \* \*

Dreaming about life beyond the stars and the rumors from Roswell, Curtis P. Dean coerced his aged Ford pickup into a steady velocity of thirty-two mph. The blazing sun had reached its hazy apex and began its descent into an afternoon of yellow which would give way to red and then black.

Everyday at this time, approximately 12:15 p.m., Curtis would drive along the fence of his twenty-five acre horse ranch to look for any signs of marauding intruders. Two exhausting years ago Curtis had single-handedly rounded up a band of horse thieves, pirates as he called them, with his sleek semi-automatic assault rifle which now bumped up against the shoddy storage rack which hung in the fragmented back window of his feces-colored pickup. Just as Curtis was about to return to his old brick house for a lunch of his wife's county-famous fried chicken, he spotted a four-foot gaping hole in the wiring of the electric fence. In the near distance, someone dressed in a tan, ankle-length overcoat caught sight of the truck and began to sprint toward the hot, shimmering highway.

\* \* \*

Eddie C. Florenz carefully crawled along the dusty earth at the base of the six-foot electric fence which separated Mr. Curtis Dean's horse ranch from the rest of the free world. The blazing sun had reached its hazy apex and had begun its descent into an afternoon of yellow which would give way to red and then black.

Eddie was forced to situate the nylon straps of the Jansport backpack, which dangled limply from his shoulder, as he struggled to put the newly sharpened wire cutters back into their proper place. Through the fence he could see the galloping black stallion that he had longed for throughout his twenty-five-year life. Halfway through the four-foot hole that he had constructed in the sparking electric fence, Eddie heard the unmistakable sound of Mr. Dean's ancient pickup lumbering down the dirt driveway. As he turned and ran for his life, Eddie's tan ankle-length overcoat repeatedly got caught on bushes and shrubs until he stumbled onto the hot, shimmering highway.

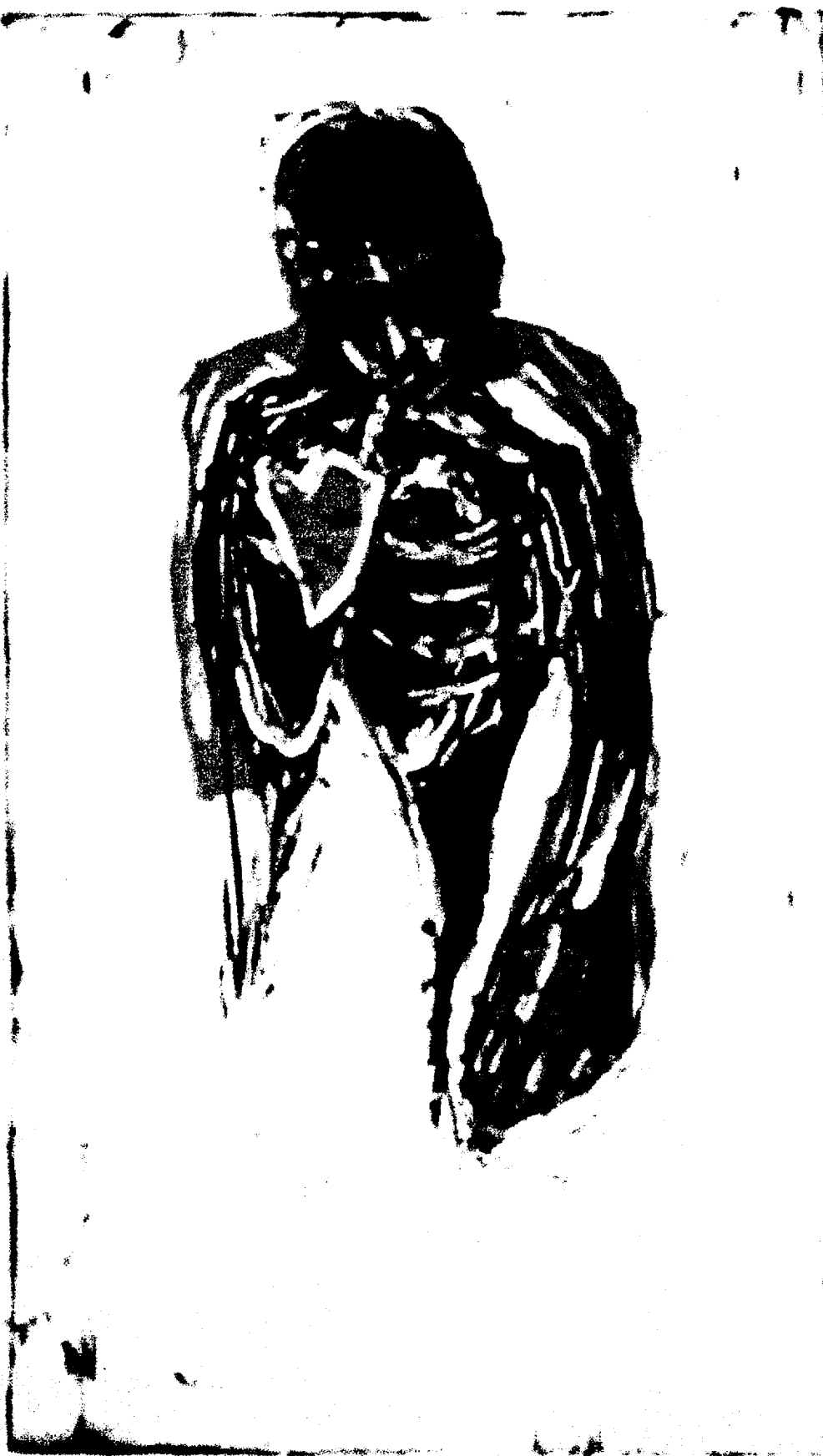
\* \* \*

As Alfred W. Barton sped along, putting distance between himself and his wife, he methodically inspected his nostrils in an attempt to locate and remove any unsightly hairs that had grown too long. Just then, a deafening crack shook him from his task and forced his attention back to the hot, shimmering road. To his right Alfred thought that he saw a middle-aged man with a nasty-looking rifle, but it was far too blurry to recognize. As Alfred looked forward again, he felt the Ford Explorer shiver as if struck by a boulder, and the windshield was covered with tan.

by Dan Glaser  
(who is too good for titles)

Kris Pollack always wore orange neckties. I would pass him everyday on my way to the dog track. He would be walking, and I would ride past him on my bike. I rode my bike because I had lost my Buick to a friend of mine over the Masters Golf Championship. I had Freddie Couples to win...a sure bet in my opinion. Couples had been a "whirlwind force" in the golfing world all year. Then of all the amazing pros on tour, that punk Tom Kite wins. Anyway, Kris would always be walking and wave hello with that orange tie flapping. I would do that two finger wave that people do from a handlebar when they don't want to take the effort to rebalance and wave properly. It's not like I couldn't straighten my back and salute him like a good boy, I just didn't want to. Damn, I hated seeing that guy everyday. You could tell that he was one of those people that knew everyone, but nobody seemed to know why. He thought he was so clever wearing his orange ties with every outfit. He didn't care if it matched. Suits, jogging outfits, you name it. If you saw Kris...you get the point. He wore them so often people got used to the idea of the orange-tie-guy. It was expected. I even tried to wave at him one day but he was talking to some hotpulledupinabunblondglassesieggysubtypewoman. All I could hear as I whizzed by was "Hey, nice tie." Then one day Kris decided he needed some extra attention and "forgot" to wear the tie. I rode by and just shook my head as he grinned wildly and made a finger-gun motion where it was supposed to be. I barely recognized him without that tie. The next day I didn't see Kris at all. In fact, I didn't see him until about three months later at Shady Grove bowling alley. I saw him sitting next to some seedy character nursing a beer. Apparently, the doorman didn't recognize him when he for-

got the tie. He was three hours late to work and lost his job.





**Blue Oyster Cult**  
1967 Long Island, NY  
Eric Bloom  
Albert Bouchard  
Joe Bouchard  
Chuck Burgi  
Rick Downing  
Allen Lanier  
Ron Riddle  
Tom Zvonchek  
Tommy Priebe  
Bob Rondinelli

**Yes**  
1969 Birmingham, England  
Rick Wakeman  
Jon Anderson  
Bill Bruford  
Steve Howe  
Chris Squire  
Alan White  
Tony Kaye

**King Crimson**  
1969 England  
Adrian Belew  
Bill Bruford  
Trey Gunn  
Robert Fripp  
Tony Levin  
Pat Mastelotto  
Greg Lake

**Black Sabbath**  
1969 Birmingham, England  
Ozzy Osbourne\*  
Vivian Anello  
Geezer Butler  
Ronnie James Dio  
Bill Ward  
Bob Rondinelli  
Tommy Iommi  
Tony Martin  
Geoff Nicholls  
Randy Rhoads

**Emerson, Lake & Palmer**  
1970 Dorset, England  
Greg Lake  
Keith Emerson  
Carl Palmer

**Television**  
1973 NY, NY  
Richard Hell\*  
Tom Verlaine  
Billy Lloyd  
Rich Foca  
Fred Smith

**Talking Heads**  
1974 Providence, RI  
David Byrne  
Chris Frantz  
Tina Weymouth  
Jerry Harrison

**Quiet Riot**  
1975 LA, CA  
Frankie Banali  
Kevin Cadogan  
Chuck Wright  
Rudy Sarzo  
Bob Rondinelli  
Randy Rhoads

**The Voids**  
1975 NY, NY  
Richard Hell  
Robert Guine  
Ivan Julian  
Marc Bell

**Black Flag**  
1977 LA, CA  
Henry Rollins\*  
Anthony Martinez  
Greg Ginn  
Chuck Biscuits  
Chuck Dukowski  
Emil  
Kris Roessler  
Keith Morris  
Bill Stevenson  
Robo  
Brian Migdol  
Dez Cadene

**The Germs**  
1977 LA, CA  
Belinda Carlisle\*  
Pat Smear  
Nicky Bat  
Don Bonet  
Darby Crash  
Don Bolles  
Donna Rhia  
Lorne Doorn

**The Misfits**  
1977 Lond. UK  
Glenn Danzig  
Ernie Von  
Michael Graves  
Joey Keefe  
Bobby Steele  
Robo  
Arthur Googy  
O.C. Doyle  
Dr. Chud  
Frank Locato  
Manny

**Jay Division**  
1977 Manchester, England  
Bernard Albrecht  
Ian Curtis  
Peter Hook  
Stephen Morris  
The Go-Go's  
1978 LA, CA  
Belinda Carlisle  
Jane Wiedlin  
Charlotte Caffey  
Glen Schock  
Kathy Valentine  
Margot Olovsson

**Social Distortion**  
1978 LA, CA  
Rik Agnew  
Frank Agnew  
Chuck Biscuits  
Derek O'Brien  
Casey Royer  
Dennis Denell  
John Meaurio  
Mike Ness\*  
Christopher Reece  
Brent Liles

**The Circle Jerks**  
1979 LA, CA  
Keith Clark  
Greg Hetson  
John Ingram  
Lucky Lehrer  
Keith Morris  
Roger Rogerson  
Zander Schloss

**Descendents**  
1979 LA, CA  
Frank Navetta  
Tony Lombardo  
Bill Stevenson  
Mia Aukerman  
Karl Alvarez  
Dave Smiley

**Bad Brains**  
1979 DC  
Chuck Mosley  
HR  
Earl Hudson  
Daryl Jenifer  
Dr. Know  
Mackie Jayson  
Israel Joseph

**The Buggles**  
1979 England  
Geoffrey Downes  
Trevor Horn  
John Sinclair  
Simon Darlow

**Bad Religion**  
1980 LA, CA  
Brian Baker  
Jay Bentley  
Brett Gurewitz  
Pete Dinklage  
Greg Griffin  
Greg Hetson  
Bobby Scheyer

**Gun Club**  
1980 LA, CA  
Romi Mori  
Nick Sanderson  
Vard Dorian  
Jim Duckworth  
Jeff Lee Pierce  
Kid Congo Powers  
Rob Rizzer  
Patricia Morrison  
Dee Pop

**Minutemen**  
1980 San Pedro, CA  
D. Boon  
George Hurley  
Mike Watt  
Frank Tonche

**Strike Under**  
1980 Chicago, IL  
Pierre Kezdy  
Steve Bjorklund  
Chris Bjorklund  
Bob Furum

**Tom Tom Club**  
1980 NY, NY  
Chris Frantz  
Tina Weymouth  
Steve Scales  
Bruce Martin  
Adrian Belew

**Minor Threat**  
1980 Washington, DC  
Brian Baker  
Steve Henson  
Jeff Nelson  
Ian MacKaye  
Lyle Presler

**Meat Puppets**  
1980 Phoenix, AZ  
Chris Kirkwood  
Curt Kirkwood  
Derrick Bostrum  
Andrew DuPantis  
Kyle Ellison  
Shandon Bahm

## Band Connections by Erin Lottino

**New Order**  
1980 Manchester, England  
Peter Hook  
Stephen Morris  
Bernard Sumner  
Gillian Gilbert

**Dream Syndicate**  
1981 LA, CA  
Steve Wynn  
Kendra Smith  
Paul B. Butler  
Dennis Duck  
Karl Procula  
David Provost  
Mark Weizen  
Tom Zvonchek

**Naked Raygun**  
1981 Chicago, IL  
Santiago Durango  
Pierre Kezdy  
Jeff Pezzatti  
Eric Spioer  
Bill Stephens  
Jim Colao  
John Haggerty  
Carmelo Gonzalez

**Cheer Accidents**  
1981 NY, NY  
Jemie Filmore  
Jeff Liebersher  
Dylan Pose  
Phil Bonnet

**Sonic Youth**  
1981 NY, NY  
Lee Ranaldo  
Kim Gordon  
Thurston Moore\*  
Steve Shelley  
Jim O'Rourke

**Unrest**  
1981 DC  
Bridget Cross  
Mark Robinson  
Tim Morran  
Phil Krauth  
David Park  
Chris Thomson

**Asia**  
1981 UK  
Steve Howe  
John Wetton  
John Payne  
Geoffrey Downes  
Mandy Meyer  
Carl Palmer

**Beat Happening**  
1982 Olympia, WA  
Calvin Johnson  
Heather Lewis  
Bret Lunstford

**Pai Cam**  
1982 LA, CA  
Perry Farrell  
Dino Paredo  
Vince Duran  
Aaron Sherner  
Kelly Wheeler

**Frighania**  
1982 San Francisco  
Lynn Perko  
Dianne Ashley  
Rebecca Tucker  
Susan Miller  
Mia Levin  
Cecilia Lynch

**Faith No More**  
1982 San Francisco  
Mike Bordun  
Robby Bottom  
Bill Gould  
Dean Menta  
Chuck Mosley  
Mike Patton  
Trey Spruence  
Jim Martin  
John Hudson  
Courtney Love

**Slayer**  
1982 Huntington Beach, CA  
Tom Araya  
Jeff Hannema\*  
Kerry King  
Dave Lombardo  
Paul Bostaph

**Big Black**  
1982 Evanston, IL  
Steve Albini  
Dave Riley  
Santiago Durango

**Scratch Acid**  
1982 Austin, TX  
David Wm. Sims  
Ray Washam  
David Yow  
Brett Bradford

**The Smiths**  
1982 Manchester, England  
Johnny Marr  
Morrissey  
Andy Rourke  
Mike Joyce

**Green River**  
1983 Seattle, WA  
Jeff Ament  
Mark Arm  
Bruce Fairweather  
Stone Gossard  
Steve Turner  
Alex Vincent

**Red Hot Chili Peppers**  
1983 LA, CA  
Hillel Slovak  
Anthony Kiedis  
Flea  
John Frusciante  
Jack Irons  
Dave Navarro  
Chad Smith

**Squirrel Bait**  
1983 Louisville, KY  
David Grubbs  
Peter Searoy  
Eric Wolford  
Brian McVahan  
Clark Johnson  
Benjamin Daughtrey

**Eleventh Dream Day**  
1983 Louisville, KY  
Dale Crover  
Buzz Osborne  
Lori "Lorax" Black  
Joe Preston  
Doug MacCombs  
Wink O'Bannon

**Dinosaur Jr.**  
1983 Amherst, MA  
J. Mascis  
Lou Barlow  
Mike Johnson  
Murphy

**Throwing Muses**  
1983 Newport, RI  
Tanya Donnelly\*  
Kristen Hersh\*  
Fred Abong  
Leslie Layton  
Bernard Georges  
David Nencio\*

**Government Issue**  
1983 DC  
John Schroeder  
Brian Baker  
Mike Fellows

**Soundgarden**  
1983 Seattle, WA  
Mike Cameron  
Chris Cornell  
Jason Everman  
Ben Shepherd  
Ben Tishler  
Hiro Yamamoto  
Scott Seisak

**Jan's Addiction**  
1984 LA, CA  
Eric Avery  
Perry Farrell  
Dave Navarro  
Stephen Perkins

**Death of Samantha**  
1984 Cleveland, OH  
Doug Gillard  
Dave Swenson  
John Petricio

**Honeycomb Killers**  
1984 NY, NY  
Sally Barry  
Jerry Teel  
Lisa Wells  
Christina Martinez

**Lemonheads**  
1984 Boston, MA  
John P. Strahm  
Evan Dando  
David Ryan  
Ben Deloy  
Jesse Peretz  
Doug Trachten  
Bill Gibson  
Murphy

**Volcano Suns**  
1984 Boston, MA  
Peter Prescott  
Bob Weston  
Gary Weisk  
David Kleier  
Jeff Weigand  
Jon Williams

**My Bloody Valentine**  
1984 Dublin, Ireland  
Colm O'Loisig  
Kevin Shields  
Belinda Butcher  
Dee Gooze  
Dave Conway

**Primal Scream**  
1984 Glasgow, Scotland  
Merrin Duffy  
Andrew Innes  
Dennis Johnson  
Henry Olsen  
Marti  
Robert Young  
John Beattin

This is a look at the big picture, not a scensiter guide to music. Over 300 American bands linked together only by band members. You're about to enter a new dimension of sound

**The Jesus & Mary Chain**  
1984 Glasgow, Scotland  
John Moore  
Bobby Gillespie  
Douglas Hart  
Jim Reid  
William Reid  
Murray Dalglish  
Ben Lurie  
Steve Sandoval

**The Cult**  
1984 Yorks, England  
Martyn LeNoble  
Ian Astbury  
Billy Duffy  
Max Sarum  
Les Warner  
Jamie Stewart

**Go Team**  
1985 Olympia, WA  
Dale Johnson  
Tobi Vail  
Billy Karren

**Melvins**  
1985 Aberdeen, WA  
Dale Crover  
Buzz Osborne  
Lori "Lorax" Black  
Joe Preston  
Doug MacCombs  
Wink O'Bannon

**Super Baby Doll**  
1985 San Diego, CA  
Courtney Love  
Kat Bjelland  
Jennifer Finch

**LZ**  
1985 LA, CA  
Jennifer Finch  
Suz Gardner  
Demetra Plekas  
Donna Sparks  
Gail Greenwood  
Ray Kousky  
Janis Tamaka

**45 Graves**  
1985 LA, CA  
Paul B. Cutler  
Dinah Canicer\*  
Don Bolles  
Rob Graves

**Mr. Bungle**  
1985 Eureka, CA  
Trevor Dunn  
Mike Patton  
William Winant  
Try Spruence  
Denny Heitz  
Theobald Brooks  
Layne  
Bar McKinnon

**The Cows**  
1985 Minneapolis, MN  
Shannon Selburg  
Thor Eisenburg  
Norm Graves

**Royal Trux**  
1985 Chicago, IL  
David Peio\*  
Neil Michael Hagerty\*  
Jennifer Herrera

**Guided By Voices**  
1985 Dayton, OH  
Robert Pollard  
Kevin Fennell  
Tom Tobias  
Tobin Sprout  
Jim MacPherson  
Greg Demos  
Peyton Eric  
Dan Toohay  
Steve Wilbur  
Doug Gillard  
Mitch Mitchell  
Bruce Smith  
Don Thresher

**Embrace**  
1985 DC  
Ian MacKaye  
Mor Hanson  
Chris Bald  
Mike Hampton

**Three**  
1985 DC  
Jeff Turner  
Mark Hagerty  
Steve Niles  
Jeff Nelson

**Diogenes**  
1985 DC  
Brian Baker  
Doug Carrion  
Roger Marbury  
Colin Seans  
Peter Colner  
Dave Smiley  
Scott Garrett  
Shawn Brown

**Six**  
1987 Louisville, KY  
Bob Nastenovich  
Ned Cliftman  
Ethan Buckley  
Britz Walford  
Brian McVahan  
David Peio\*  
Todd Brasher

**Pussy Galore**  
1985 DC  
Neil Michael Hagerty  
Rick Hall  
Jon Spencer  
Julia Catrin  
Peter Hayes  
Tom Raftery  
Bob Bert  
John Hamill  
Christine Martinez  
Kurt Wolf

**Swedish**  
1986 Chicago, IL  
Julie Liu  
Chyoko Yoshida  
Jeff Carleton

**Breaking Circus**  
1986 Minneapolis, MN  
Four  
Todd Trainer  
Steve Bjorklund  
Phil Herder

**Blake Babies**  
1986 Boston, MA  
Juliana Hatfield  
John P. Strahm  
Frede Boner  
Evan Dando

**Pines**  
1986 Boston, MA  
Kim Deal\*  
Black Francis  
David Lovering  
Joey Santiago

**Shudder to Think**  
1986 DC  
Adam Wade  
Mike Russell  
Stuart Hill  
Nathan Larson  
Craig Wedren  
Chris Matthews  
Jesse Peretz

**Ego Hunt**  
1986 DC  
Ian MacKaye  
Jeff Nelson  
Jon Loder

**One Last Wish**  
1986 DC  
(AKA Rites of Spring)  
Brendan Canty  
Guy Piccolotto

**The Boredoms**  
1986 Osaka, Japan  
Hisa Y  
Yamamoto  
Yamamoto  
Yamamoto  
Yamamoto

**Ninjas**  
1987 Aberdeen, WA  
Kurt Cobain  
Krist (Chris) Novoselic  
Dave Grohl  
Pat Smear  
Chad Channing  
John Everman

**All**  
1987 LA, CA  
Karl Alvarez  
Stephen Egerton  
David Price  
Bill Stevenson  
Scott Reynolds  
Dave Smiley

**Slim**  
1987 Missoula, MT  
Andy Cohen  
Joe Phelps  
Michael Delquist  
Tim Midgett

**Babes in Toyland**  
1987 Minneapolis, MN  
Courtney Love  
Kat Bjelland  
Lori Berkner  
Maureen Herman  
Michelle Leon

**The Jesus Lizard**  
1987 Chicago, IL  
Duane Denison  
Marc McNelly  
David Wm. Sims  
David Yow

**Poster Children**  
1987 Champaign, IL  
John Herndon  
Howie Randell  
Jim Valerin  
Rick Valerin  
Jeff Dempsey  
Rose Marshack

**Slint**  
1987 Louisville, KY  
Bob Nastenovich  
Ned Cliftman  
Ethan Buckley  
Britz Walford  
Brian McVahan  
David Peio\*  
Todd Brasher

**Freak Water**  
1987 Louisville, KY  
Janet Beveridge  
Ben Canthrine  
Ann Irwin

**Bestro**  
1987 Louisville, KY  
David Grubbs  
Clark Johnson  
John McEntire

**Danzig**  
1987 NY, NY  
Chuck Biscuits  
John Danzig  
Glenn Danzig  
Ernie Von  
John Lasie  
Joey Castillo

**Blue Man Group**  
1987 NY, NY  
Phil Stanton  
Max Goldman  
Chris Wink  
Josh Matthews  
Enis Sefersah  
etc.

**Happy Go Lucky**  
1987 DC  
Brendan Canty  
Guy Piccolotto  
Mike Fellows  
Eddie Jarney

**Some Velvet Sides**  
1988 Olympia, WA  
Paul Schuster  
Al Larsen  
Don Blair  
Morton Bomier\*

**Mud Honey**  
1988 Seattle, WA  
Mark Arm  
Matt Lukin  
Dan Peters  
Steve Turner

**Another Love Bone**  
1988 Seattle, WA  
Jeff Ament  
Bruce Fairweather  
Stone Gossard  
Andrew Wood

**Sublime**  
1988 Long Beach, CA  
Brad Nowell  
Eric Burdon  
Bud Gaugh

**Ragmen**  
1988 Chicago, IL  
Steve Albini  
David Wm. Sims  
Ray Washam

**Cap'n Jazz**  
1988 Chicago, IL  
Tim Kinsella  
Devey Von Bohlen  
Victor Villalaz  
Sam Zurch  
Mike Kinsella

**The Breeders**  
1988 Dayton, OH  
Kim Deal\*  
Shannon Doughton  
Britz Walford\*  
Josephine Wiggs  
Tanya Donnelly\*  
Kelly Deal  
Jim MacPherson\*

**Smog**  
1988 PA  
Bill Callahan  
Cindy Dell  
Rian Murphy

**Live**  
1988 York, PA  
Chad Taylor  
Patrick DeHeimer  
Ed Kowalczyk  
Chad Gracey

**Jawbreaker**  
1988 NY, NY  
Blake Schwarzenbach  
Adam Pfahler  
Chris Bauermeister

**Cocoon Youth**  
1988 NY, NY  
Lee Ranaldo  
Kim Gordon  
J. Mascis  
Thurston Moore\*

**The Delfonics**  
1989 Sacramento, CA  
Abe Cunningham  
Stephen Carpenter  
Chi Cheng  
Chino Moreno

**Pavement**  
1989 Scotland, CA  
Stephen Malkmus\*  
Steve West  
Gary Young  
Bob Nastenovich  
Mark Bold  
Scott Kannenberg

**Mazzy Star**  
1989 LA, CA  
David Roback  
Hope Sandoval

**Hole**  
1989 LA, CA  
Jill Emry  
Eric Erntson  
Courtney Love  
Caroline Rue  
Kristen Pfaff  
Melissa Auf De Mear\*  
Patty Schemel

**The Cocketts**  
1989 Kansas City, MO  
Mark Greenberg  
Bertie Hoppa  
Anchor Prewitt  
John Upturch

**Hum**  
1989 Champaign, IL  
Jeff Dempsey  
Matt Tebbott  
Baltazar deLay  
Tim Lash

**Endpoint**  
1989 Louisville, KY  
Rob Pennington  
Duncan Barlow  
Rusty Sohn  
Jason Greff

**Codeine**  
1989 NY, NY  
Douglas Scherlin  
Stephen Scherlin  
John Egan  
Chris Brink  
David Grubbs

**Cap'n Jazz**  
1988 Chicago, IL  
Tim Kinsella  
Devey Von Bohlen  
Victor Villalaz  
Sam Zurch  
Mike Kinsella

**The Breeders**  
1988 Dayton, OH  
Kim Deal\*  
Shannon Doughton  
Britz Walford\*  
Josephine Wiggs  
Tanya Donnelly\*  
Kelly Deal  
Jim MacPherson\*

**Smog**  
1988 PA  
Bill Callahan  
Cindy Dell  
Rian Murphy

**Live**  
1988 York, PA  
Chad Taylor  
Patrick DeHeimer  
Ed Kowalczyk  
Chad Gracey

**Jawbreaker**  
1988 NY, NY  
Blake Schwarzenbach  
Adam Pfahler  
Chris Bauermeister

**Cocoon Youth**  
1988 NY, NY  
Lee Ranaldo  
Kim Gordon  
J. Mascis  
Thurston Moore\*

**Witchyoo**  
1989 Olympia, WA  
(almost everyone on KRS)

**Reel Jam**  
1989 Seattle, WA  
Jeff Ament  
Stone Gossard  
Mike McCready  
Eddie Vedder  
Dave Abbruzzese  
Matt Cameron  
Jack Irons  
Dave Krusen

**Blunt Kill**  
1989 Olympia, WA  
Billy Karren  
Kathy Wilcox  
Kathleen Hannah  
Tobi Vail

**Struggle**  
1989 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Jose Paeleto  
Dylan Schart  
Cliff Cunningham  
Toby Christensen  
Eric Allen

**Brain Tourniquet**  
1989 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Jose Paeleto  
Dylan Schart  
Cory Lindstrom  
Seth Lindstrom  
Dustin "Dirty"  
Sam Kelly  
Adam

**Brick Layer Cake**  
1989 Chicago, IL  
Brian Paulson  
Gerard Jean Boissy  
Todd Trainer

**Torres**  
1989 Chicago, IL  
John McEntire  
John Herndon  
Douglas MacCombs  
Bundy K. Brown  
Dan Brinley  
Jeff Parker  
David Peio\*

**Spit Up**  
aka Chamberlain  
1989 Champaign, IL  
Steve Dunske  
Clayton Snyder  
Curtis Love  
Chad Walker  
David Moore  
Adam Rubenstein

**Black Meanies**  
1989 Louisville, KY  
David Grubbs  
SooYoung Park  
Jon Fine

**Come**  
1989 Boston, MA  
Chris Brink  
Thales Zedek  
Arthur Johnson  
Sean O'Brien

**Letters to Cleo**  
1989 Boston, MA  
Michael Eisenstein  
Kay Hanley  
Stacy Jones  
Greg McCanna  
Scott Fleisling

**Juliana Hatfield**  
1989 Boston, MA  
Juliana Hatfield  
Day Tanner  
Mike Leahy  
Todd Phillips

**God is My Co-Pilot**  
1989 NY, NY  
Dan Brown  
Craig Flanagan  
Sharon Topper

**Superchunk**  
1989 Chapel Hill, NC  
Mac McCaughan  
Laura Ballance  
Chuck Gerson  
John Wurst  
Jack McDook  
Jim Wilbur

**Electronic**  
1989 Manchester, England  
Karl Burt  
Johnny Marr  
Neil Tennant  
Bernard Sumner  
Denise Johnson

**Velocity Girl**  
1989 DC  
Sean Meadows\*  
Daniel Higgs  
Ava Osbourne  
Nathan Bell  
Mitchell Feldstein

**Autoblast**  
1989 DC  
Christine Blizotte  
Merry Timony\*  
Nikki Chapman  
Melissa Berkoff

**Polo**  
1989 Chapel Hill, NC  
Ash Bowie  
Eddie Watkins  
Dave Brylawski  
Steve Popson

**Unwound**  
1991 Turnwater, WA  
Sara Lund  
Sara Lund  
Rumsey  
Justin Troper  
Brandt Sando

**Continental Drivers**  
1991 LA, CA  
Russ Broussard  
Susan Cowell  
Gary Eaton  
Ray Geu\*  
Peter Holsapple  
Robert Macho  
Carl Nuccio  
Viki Peterson  
Mark Walton

**Tool**  
1991 LA, CA  
Maynard James  
Keenan  
Danny Carey  
Paul D'Amour  
Adam Jones  
Justin Chancellor

**Bedhead**  
1991 Dallas, TX  
Tench Cox  
Bubba Kadane  
Mick Kadane  
Kris Whitt  
Trini Martinez

**Janitor Joe**  
1991 Minneapolis, MN  
Wayne Davis  
Kristen Pfaff  
Joachim Bruneau  
Mick Ensminger

**Red Red Meat**  
1991 Chicago, IL  
Tim Hurley  
Brian Deek  
Glenn Girard  
Tim Puzi  
Ben Massarella  
Neil Rosano

**Q&A**  
1991 Louisville, KY  
Lee Fetzer  
Kyle Noltemeyer  
Chris McCoy  
Jon Smith  
Duncan Barlow  
Ash State

**Falling Forward**  
1991 Louisville, KY  
Chris Higdon  
Jason Mobley  
Ben Lord  
Gary Bell  
Benny Clark  
Pat McDermis

**Page M**  
1991 Louisville, KY  
David Peio

**Roden**  
1991 Louisville, KY  
Tara Jane O'Neil\*  
Jason Noble  
Kevin Courtes

**Gastr of Sol**  
1991 Louisville, KY  
John McEntire  
Jim O'Rourke  
David Grubbs  
Bundy K. Brown

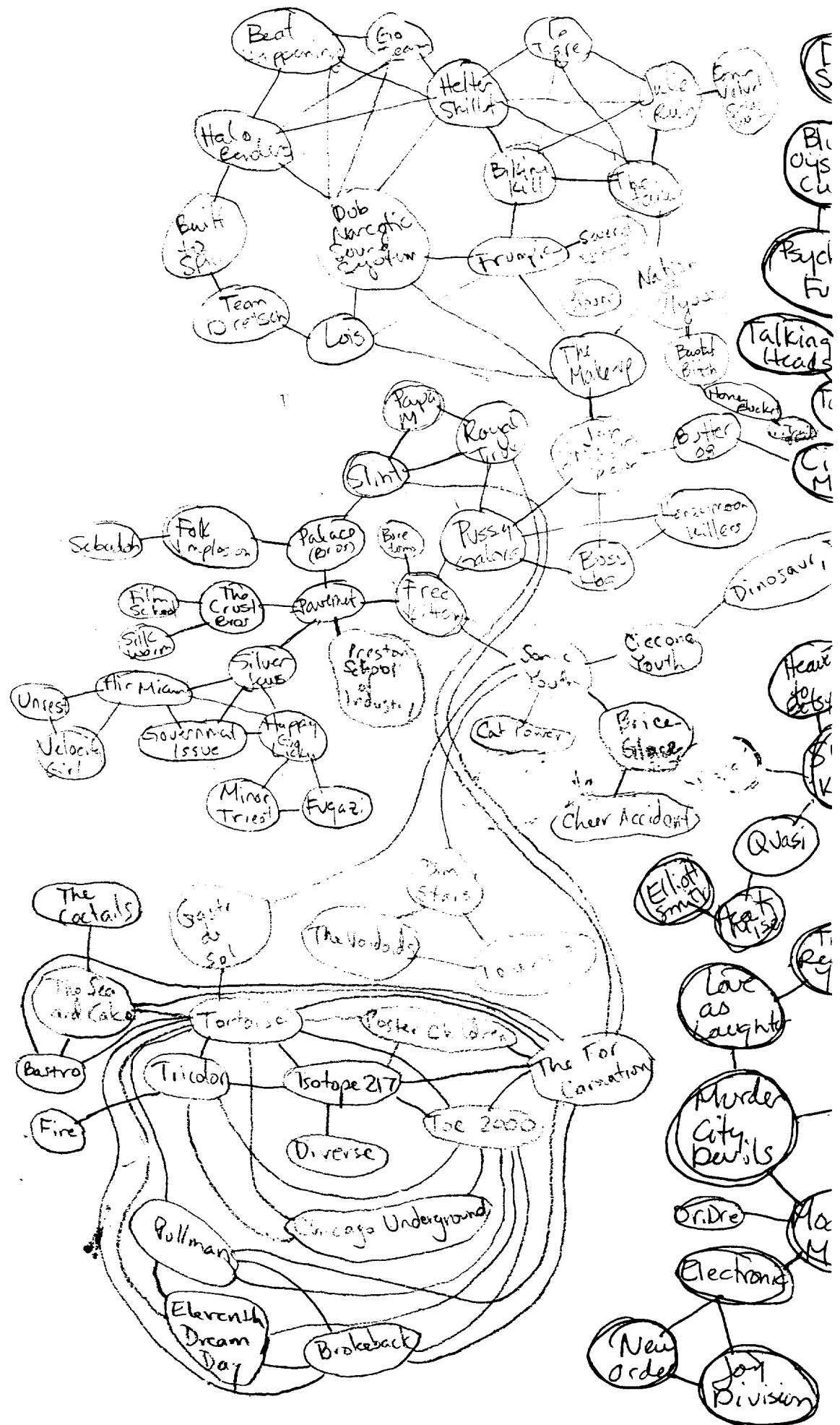
**Angels of Hell**  
1991 Chapel Hill, NC  
Eric Bachman  
Marc Price  
Matt Gentling  
Eric Johnson

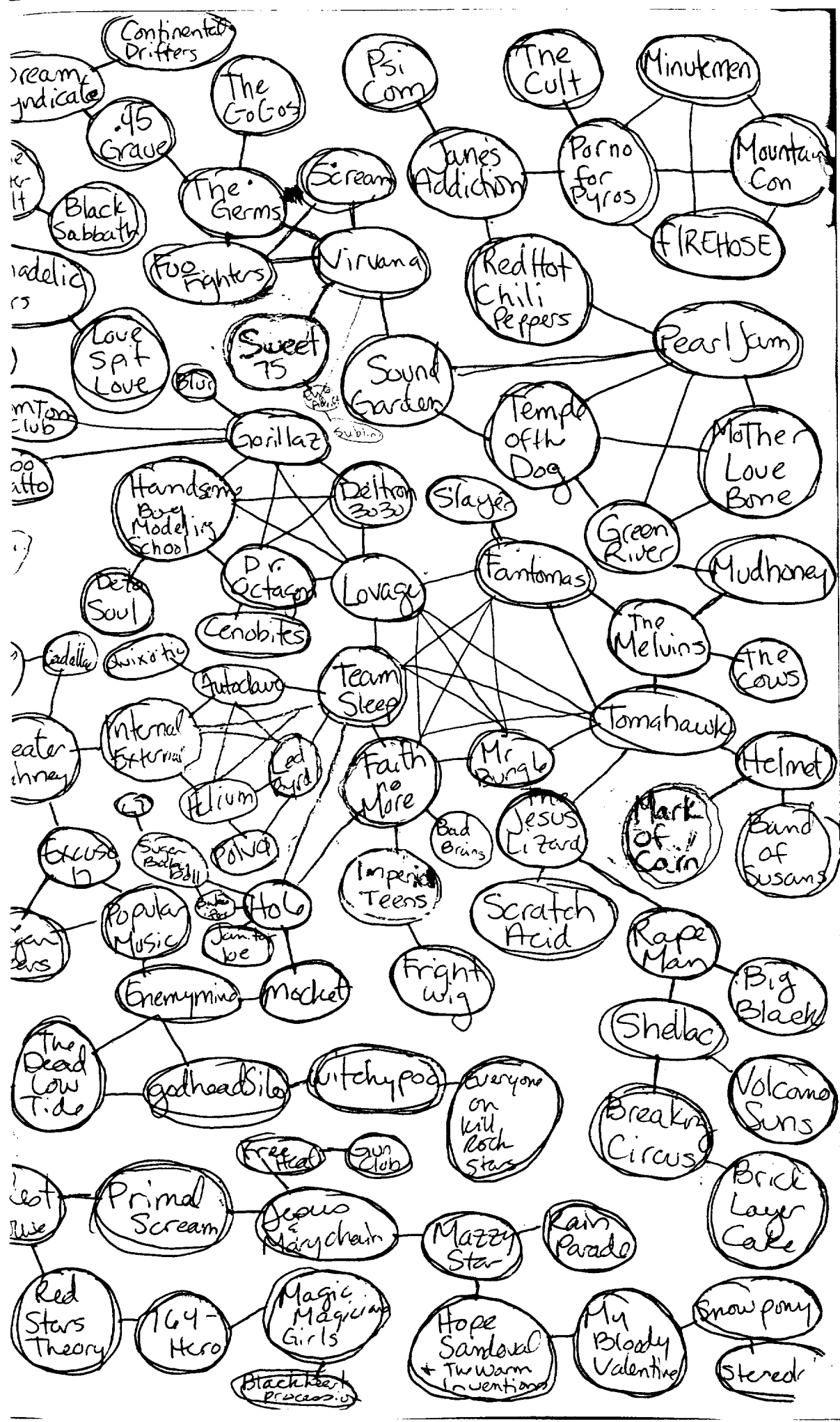
**Small 23**  
1991 Chapel Hill, NC  
G Smell  
Eric Bachman  
Mike Kenlan  
Chuck Garrison  
Dave Hollinghurst

**Stereolab**  
1991 London, England  
Jim O'Rourke  
Tim Gane  
Mary Hansen  
Richard Harrison  
Martin Keen  
Gina Morris  
Andy Ramey  
Laetitia Sadler  
Duncan Brown  
Margene Holte  
Katherine Gifford

**Goodie 4 Life**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Dan Haugh  
Mike Kurika

**Sunny Day Real Estate**  
1992 Seattle, WA





**The Frumpies**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Billy Kerren  
Kathy Wilcox  
Molly Neuman  
Tobi Voss  
Michelle Mae Orr

**LGS**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Lois Maffeo  
Heather Dunn  
Donna Dretsch  
Molly Neuman  
Brendan Canty

**Heatmiser**  
1992 Portland, OR  
Blair Smith\*  
Neil Gust  
Sam Coomes  
Tory Lash

**Angel Hair**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Sonny Kay  
Joshua Hughes  
Paul Iannocci  
Andy anechoid  
Todd Corbett

**Three Mile Pilot**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Toby Christenson  
Armistead Burwell Smith  
Tom Zinner  
Tobias Nathaniel

**Shelton**  
1992 Evanston, IL  
Steve Albini  
Bob Weston  
Todd Trainer

**Cobra Verde**  
1992 Cleveland, OH  
Dave Swanson  
John Petkovic  
Doug Gifford  
Don Dewey

**Built to Sill**  
1992 Boise, ID  
Scott Plouf  
Doug Metzbach  
Justin Nelson  
Justin Nelson  
Tom McMahon

**Issue (Brns)**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Wai Odeh  
John Davis  
Jason Lpewenstein

**Don Caballero**  
1992 Pittsburgh, PA  
Mike Benfield  
Damon Cole  
Pat Morris  
Ian Williams  
Jon Fine

**Helium**  
1992 Boston, MA  
Ash Bowie  
Marty Timony  
Shawn King Davlin  
Brian Dunton  
Mary Lou Lord

**Wu-Tang Clan**  
1992 Staten Island, NY  
Genius  
Q Dirty Bastard  
Ghostface Killah  
Method Man  
Raekwon  
Inspectah Deck  
Masta Killa  
UGod

**Free Kitten**  
1992 NY, NY  
Julia Cafritz  
Kim Gordon  
Mark Bold  
Yoshimi

**Dim Stars**  
1992 NY, NY  
Richard Hell\*  
Robert Quine  
Don Fleming  
Thurston Moore\*  
Steve Shelly

**The Struts and the Pebbles**  
1992 NY, NY  
Lethie Rodman  
Jennifer Rogers  
Laura Rogers

**Love Sick Love**  
1992 NY, NY  
Tim Butler  
Richard Butler  
Frank Furrer  
Richard Fortus  
Chris Wilson

**Billy**  
1992 Boston, MA  
Tanya Donnelly\*  
Chris Gorman  
Fred Abong  
Gail Greenwood\*  
Thomas Gorman

**Hoover**  
1992 DC  
Fred Erisine  
Chris Fernal  
Joe McRedmond  
Al Dunham

**Stent 6**  
1992 DC  
Christina Bilotte  
Mange Marshall  
Myra Power  
Rechel Carns

**Seam**  
1992 Chapel Hill, NC  
Craig White  
Bob Rising  
Mac MacCaugham  
Sundy K. Brown  
Reg Shreder  
SooYoung Park  
William Shin  
Chris Merrifin  
Lesi Mitchell

**Postage**  
1992 Chapel Hill, NC  
Mac Caugham  
Tom Sharpling  
Jennifer Walker  
Ash Bowie  
Jon Wurster

**Multitask Families**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Rebecca Basye  
John Guitierrez  
Jason Rescoe  
John Dahlin

**Heiter Skillet**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Kathleen Hannah  
Calvin Johnson

**Expose 17**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Becca Albee  
Carmie Brownstein  
Curtis Phillips

**Bestand Blotch**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
John Guitierrez  
Brandt Sandeno  
Tim Green

**Modest Mouse**  
1992 Issaquah, WA  
Issac Brock  
Eric Judy  
Jeremiah Green  
Danni Galucci  
John Wickheart  
Denise Johnson

**Quest**  
1992 Portland, OR  
Janet Weiss  
Sam Coomes

**Team Dretsch**  
1992 Portland, OR  
Amanda Kelly  
Donna Dretsch  
Jody Bleyte  
Marti Martinez  
Scott Plouf

**Porno for Pinos**  
1992 LA, CA  
Perry Farrell  
Stephen Perkins  
Mike West  
Peter D'Siefano  
Marty Lenoble

**The Sea & Cake**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
John McEntire  
Ancher Prewitz\*  
Sam Prekop\*  
Eric Dandridge

**Evilman**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Chris Brakew  
Douglas McCombs  
Bundy K. Brown  
Curtis Harvey

**Venusa Salt**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Stacy Jones  
Nine Gordon  
Steve Lack  
Louise Post  
Jim Shapiro

**Dolomite**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Neil Pearson  
Rian Murphy

**Pstein**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Tara Jane O'Neil  
Christina Nelson  
Greta Richter  
Vicki Pfeiffer  
Todd Cook

**The Halo Banders**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Calvin Johnson  
Doug Metzbach  
Steve Fisk

**Secret Childs 3**  
1992 Everett, CA  
Trey Suranovic  
Trevor Dunn  
Darry Heititz

**The Elephant 6 Collective**  
1992 Athens, GA  
The Apples in Stereo  
Beulah  
Black Swan Network  
Chocolate USA  
Circulatory System  
Doux Blood Moustache  
Dressy Bessy  
Elf Power  
Essex Green  
Hosted Ambassador  
The Gerbils  
Major Organ and the  
Adding Machine  
Jeff Mengum  
Marbles  
Minders  
The Music Tapes  
Neutral Milk Hotel  
Olive Tremor Control  
Orchestral Fantastique  
Pipes you see, Pipes you  
Don't  
Secret Square  
Sunshine Fix  
Von Hemming

**The Extended Elephant 6 Family**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Cahvin, don't Jump  
Fablefactory  
Great Lakes  
The Gwens  
King Source  
Ladybug Transistor  
Late B.P. Helium  
Marshmallow Coast  
Marta Tennoe  
Midget and Hairs  
My First Keyboard  
Of Montreal  
Perry Weissman 3  
Ross Beach  
South East  
Summer Hymns  
Thimble Circus  
Vince Mole and his  
Calcium Orchestre  
Visitatione

**Folk Implosion**  
1992 Austin, TX  
Lou Barlow  
John Davis

**Karate**  
1992 Boston, MA  
Curtis Harvey  
Geoff Fenne  
Gavin McCarthy  
Jeff Godard

**Chavez**  
1992 NY, NY  
Clay Taver  
Matt Sweeney  
James Lo  
Scott Mesicorelli  
Devey Hoshio

**Blonde Redhead**  
1992 NY, NY  
Ameado Pace  
David Aheine  
Simone Place  
Maki Takahashi  
Vern Runsey

**Gravediggaz**  
1992 NY  
Prince Paul  
RZA  
Peter D'Siefano  
Frukwan

**Severed Letharchy**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Justin Trosper  
Tobi Vail

**Siection-Kinney**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Carmie Brownstein  
Corin Tucker  
Janet Weiss  
Lara McFarlane  
Toni Gogin

**Love as Laughter**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Dave Shreder  
Sam Jayne  
Jessica Espelata  
Leslie Hardy  
Summer Mestous

**Dub Narcotic Sound System**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Calvin Johnson  
Brian Weber  
Lindae Coyne  
Lois Maffeo  
Jeff Smith  
Chris Sutton  
Heather Dunn  
Larry Butler  
Miranda July

**The Sonoma Pine**  
1992 NY, NY  
Sean Meadows\*  
Samara Lubelski  
Kevin Coultas  
Tara Jane O'Neil\*  
Rachel Grimes

**Hell of Fame**  
1992 NY, NY  
Den Brown  
Samara Lubelski

**Imperial Teen**  
1992 San Francisco  
Roddy Bottum  
Lynn Ferko  
Will Schwartz  
Jones Stebbings

**Swing Kids**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Jose Palfox  
Michelle Maskovich  
John Brady  
Eric Allen

**Commander Venus**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Bruce Reckman  
Gregg Foreman  
Ivan Svenonious  
Jason Kourounis  
Ben Armstrong  
Robb Nansel

**The Flirt**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Todd Beechle  
Clark Peterson  
Jacob Thiele  
Joel Peterson  
Mike Deppen (Depose)

**Showdown Virginia**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Matt Kasher  
Matt Meginn  
Steve Pederson

**Lullaby for the Working Class**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Ted Stevens  
Nate Mendel  
Mike Mogis  
AJ Mogis  
Tiffany  
Shane Aspergen

**Low**  
1992 Duluth, MN  
Zak Sally  
Adam Spierhewk  
Mimi Parker  
John Nichols

**And You Will Know Us by the Trail of Dead**  
1992 Austin, TX  
Jason Rescoe  
Kevin Allen  
Neil Busch  
Conrad Keely

**Sweep the Leg Johnny**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
John Brady  
Steve Sostak  
Matt Aloes  
Scott Anna  
Chris Daly

**Brins Glast**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Jim O'Rourke  
David Grubbs  
Thymme Jones  
Dylan Posa  
Darin Gray

**Red Stars Theory**  
1992 Seattle, IL  
James Bertram  
Jeremiah Green

**June of 44**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Douglas Shenn  
Scott Meadows\*  
Jeff Mueller  
Fred Erisine

**Rachel's**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Jason Noble  
Christian Fredrickson  
Rachel Grimes  
Benny Phipps

**Metrochaffier**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Scott Patcher  
Chris Reinhardt  
Ryan Patterson

**Glo-Media**  
1992 NY, NY  
Yuka Honda  
Miho Hatori  
Seho Lemmon  
Timo Ellis

**Skeleton Key**  
1992 NY, NY  
Chris Maxwell  
Erik Sento  
Steve Calhoun  
Rick Lee

**Texas is the Reason**  
1992 NY, NY  
Norm Arenas  
Chris Daly  
Scott Winegard  
Garnett Klahn

**The Sonoma Pine**  
1992 NY, NY  
Sean Meadows\*  
Samara Lubelski  
Kevin Coultas  
Tara Jane O'Neil\*  
Rachel Grimes

**Hell of Fame**  
1992 NY, NY  
Den Brown  
Samara Lubelski

**Res**  
1992 Brooklyn, NY  
Curtis Harvey  
Douglas Scherin  
Julie Liu

**Cupid Car Club**  
1992 DC  
Ian Svenonious  
James Carley  
Kim Thompson  
Steve Gampoa

**Delta 72**  
1992 DC  
Bruce Reckman  
Gregg Foreman  
Ivan Svenonious  
Jason Kourounis  
Ben Armstrong  
Robb Nansel

**Air Miami**  
1992 DC  
Bridget Cross  
Mark Robinson  
Gabriel Scout  
Mike Fellows  
Lauren Feldsher

**The Crownhate Ruin**  
1992 DC  
Joseph McRedmond  
Fred Erisine  
Vin Novans

**Fog Fighters**  
1992 Seattle, WA  
Dave Grohl  
Pat Smear  
William Goldsmith  
Nate Mendel  
Yuka Honda  
Chris Shiflett  
Taylor Hawkins

**764-EPD**  
1992 Seattle, WA  
John Atkins  
Polly Johnson-Dickenson  
James Bertram

**The Fakes**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Kathleen Hanna  
Rachel Carns  
Sue P. Fox  
Tee Won Yu  
Tim Green

**The Renikants**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Brandt Sandeno  
Joe Plummer  
Justin Trosper

**The Fucking Champs**  
1992 San Francisco  
Tim Green  
Tim Soete  
Josh Smith

**The Logans**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Bobby Gray  
David Sator  
Dylan Schief  
Dave Warshaw  
Jimmy Laville  
Gabe Serbian  
Joseph Karam

**The VSS**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Sonny Kay  
Joshua Hughes  
Dave Clifford  
Andy Rothbard

**EPH-ONE**  
1992 San Pedro, CA  
Ed Crawford  
George Hurley  
Mike West

**The Promise Ring**  
1992 Milwaukee, WI  
Devey vonBohlen  
Jason Gnewikow  
Scott Schoenbeck  
Dan Didier

**Yoko Media**  
1992 NY, NY  
Yuka Honda  
Miho Hatori  
Seho Lemmon  
Timo Ellis

**Skeleton Key**  
1992 NY, NY  
Chris Maxwell  
Erik Sento  
Steve Calhoun  
Rick Lee

**Texas is the Reason**  
1992 NY, NY  
Norm Arenas  
Chris Daly  
Scott Winegard  
Garnett Klahn

**The Sonoma Pine**  
1992 NY, NY  
Sean Meadows\*  
Samara Lubelski  
Kevin Coultas  
Tara Jane O'Neil\*  
Rachel Grimes

**Hell of Fame**  
1992 NY, NY  
Den Brown  
Samara Lubelski

**Blot**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Chris Higdon  
Jonathan Mobley  
Ben Lord  
Kevin Ratterman  
Jay Palumbo  
Benny Clark  
Jason Skaggs

**Bright Eyes**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Conor Oberst  
Ted Stevens  
Andy LeMaster  
Mike Mogis  
Joe Knapp  
Kevin Barnes  
Jeremy Barnes  
Dreide Fink  
Julie Lee

**Durkee**  
1992 Olympia, NE  
Tim Kasher  
Matt Meginn  
Steve Pedersen  
Cint Shrease  
Ted Stevens  
Gretta Cohn

**Cat Power**  
1992 NY, NY  
Cham Marshall  
Steve Shelly  
Tim Folahn  
Matt Sweeney

**Butter OG**  
1992 NY, NY  
Yuka Honda  
Miho Hatori  
Russell Simmins  
Rick Lee  
Mike Mills

**Ruby Falls**  
1992 NY, NY  
Cynthia Nelson  
Jennifer Rogers  
Lethie Rodman  
Laura Rogers

**HUM**  
1992 Brooklyn, NY  
Doug Schanin  
Phil Sprinto  
Curtis Harvey  
Christian Deaume

**Dr. Octagon**  
1992 NY  
Kool Keith  
Necro  
DJ Gbert  
Den the Automator  
DJ Shadow

**The Makinols**  
1992 DC  
Ian Svenonious  
James Carley  
Michelle Mae Orr  
Steve Gampoa

**Mocket**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Audrey Marris  
Tobias Nathaniel  
Mario Rubalcaba  
Joe Plummer  
Toby Christenson

**Long Beach Dub Allstars**  
1992 Long Beach, CA  
Eric Wilson  
Bud Geugh  
Opie Ortiz  
RAS1  
Jack Meness  
Isaiah Owens  
Todd Foreman  
Tim Wu  
Marshall Goodman

**Joan of Arc**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Tim Kinsella\*  
Matt Clark  
Jeremy Boyle  
Mike Kinsella\*  
Todd Matze  
Samuel Zurick  
Noel Kuper-Smith  
Erik Boock

**Isotope 217**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Rob Mazurek  
Jeff Parker  
John Herndon  
Dan Brinkley  
Sara P. Smith  
Matti Lux

**By the Grace of God**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Duncan Barlow  
Rob Pennington  
Jay Palumbo  
Thommy Browne  
Ben Elskot  
Jonathan Mobley

**The Enkinds**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Thommy Browne  
Matti Brown  
Billy Holter

**Lead Band**  
1992 Boston, MA  
Ash Bowie  
Marty Timony\*

**Ink and Dagger**  
1992 Philadelphia, PA  
Don Dwyre  
Joshua Brown  
Terrance Yerves  
Sean McCabe  
Ashi State  
Jorge Gonzalez  
Eric Weinheim  
Dave Wegenshutz  
Ryan McLaughlin  
Christopher Tropes

**Murder City Devils**  
1992 Seattle, WA  
Spencer Moody  
Dan Galucci  
Derek Fudisco  
Coady Willis  
Nate Manny  
Leslie Hardy

**Internal External**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Paul Schuster  
Carrie Brownstein  
Marty Timony\*

**The Crust Bros**  
1992 Seattle, WA  
Stephen Mallikins  
Michael DeKuiast  
Tim Midgett  
Andy Cohen

**Le Shok**  
1992 Long Beach, CA  
Joseph Karam  
Hot Rod Todd  
John Fones  
Jerry Licht  
Rusty  
Asshole Andrew  
Shitty Shoen

**Pleasure Forever**  
1992 San Francisco, CA  
Joshua Hughes  
Dave Clifford  
Andy Rothbard  
Dustin Donkelson

**Subpoena The Past**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Sonny Kay  
Joey Karam  
Pete Lyman  
Julian Danger Myers  
Keith Kurns

**Sweet 75**  
1992 LA, CA  
Yve Las Vegas  
Kret Novoselic  
Adam Wade

**Crimson Curse**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Jimmy Laville  
Michael Cooper  
Christopher Sprague  
Damen Alexander  
Evona Waschinski

**Black Heart Procession**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
Pat Jenkins  
Tobias Nathaniel  
Mario Rubalcaba  
Joe Plummer  
Toby Christenson

**New End Original**  
1992 Bay Area, CA  
Jonah Matranga\*  
Norman Arenas  
Scott Winegard  
Charlie Walker

**Pele**  
1992 Milwaukee, WI  
Scott Beschta  
Chris Rotenau  
Scott Schoenbeck  
Jon Mueller  
Matt Tennesen

**Sisto**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Chris Manfin  
Craig Hutter  
Matt Scholl  
Chris Fuller

**Chicago Underground**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Rob Mazurek  
Chad Taylor  
Noel Kuper-Smith  
Jeff Parker  
Sara P. Smith

**Shipping News**  
1992 Louisville, KY  
Jason Noble  
Jeff Mueller  
Kyle Crestree

**Little Red Rocket**  
1992 Birmingham, AL  
Orenda Fench  
Marie Taylor  
Louis Schefano  
Greg Nobles

**Cenobites**  
1992 NY  
Godfather Don  
Karl Keith  
Bobbiko

**The Essex Green**  
1992 Brooklyn, NY  
Tim Barnes  
Jeff Baron  
Sasha Bell  
Chris Zier  
Mike Barnett

**Jets to Brazil**  
1992 Brooklyn, NY  
Blake Schwarzenbach  
Chris Daly  
Jeremy Chasteain  
Brian Maryensky

**Letter E**  
1992 Brooklyn, NY  
Sean Meadows\*  
Curtis Harvey  
John Metshews  
Eris Seltensh\*

**Snowpuppy**  
1992 UK  
Katherine Gifford  
Debbie Googe  
Max Cornadi

**The Psychodelic Furs**  
1992 London, England  
Karl Foreney  
John Ashton  
Tim Butler  
Vince By  
Paul Geristo  
Duncan Iburn  
Joe McGrity  
Roger Morris  
Mars Williams  
Richard Butler  
Tommy Price

**Julie Ruin**  
1992 Olympia, WA  
Kathleen Hanna  
Paul Schuster  
Scott Jermigan

**Fantomex**  
1992 San Francisco  
Trevor Dunn  
Dave Lombardo  
Mike Patton  
Buzz Osborne

**Film School**  
1992 San Francisco  
Kraig Brunton  
Tim Misch  
Scott Karmberg  
Kyle Statham  
Meun Stanfill

**White Octave**  
1992 Chapel Hill, NC  
Stephen Pedersen  
Lincoln Hancock  
Robert Biggers  
Rinn Cohen

**Everlasting the Way**  
1992 NY  
Sean Meadows\*

**Black Box Recorder**  
1992 England  
Luke Haines  
Sarah Nieve  
John Moore

**Lead**  
1992 ???  
Jeff Burgardner  
Karl-Elliott Odun  
Scott Armstrong  
Scott Kucera  
Mike Dappenn

**Lakuna**  
1992  
David Narscio\*  
Kristen Hersh\*  
Frank Gardner

**Enemyming**  
1992 Seattle, WA  
Denny Seaski  
Mike Kunka  
Ryan Beldoz  
Zak Sally

**A Perfect Circle**  
1992 LA, CA  
Josh Freese  
Mikael James  
Keenan  
Troy Van Leeuwen  
Billy Howerdel  
Paz Lenchantin

**GoGoGo Airheart**  
1992 San Diego, CA  
A. Vase  
Michael Vermilion  
J. Hough  
Benjamin White  
Jimmy Laville

**Tricolor**  
1992 Chicago, IL  
Tatsu Aoki  
Jeff Parker  
David Pavlovic

**Deltron 3030**  
2000 Oakland, CA  
Del the Funky  
Homosapien  
Kid Koala\*  
Den the Automator

**The New Year**  
2000 Dallas, TX  
Chris Brakew  
Peter Schmitt  
Mike Donofrio  
Bubba Kadane  
Mett Kadane

**Qals**  
2000 Chicago, IL  
Tim Kinsella  
Mike Kinsella  
Victor Villareal  
Samuel Zurick

**Check Engine**  
2000 South Bend, IN  
Steve Sostak  
Chris Daly  
Brian Wnukowski  
Paul P. Joyce

**The Good Life**  
2000 Olympia, NE  
Ryan Fox  
Landon Hedges  
Tim Kasher  
Ike Lee  
Roger Lewis

**Desaparecidos**  
2000 Olympia, NE  
Conor Oberst  
Denver Hedges  
Landon Hedges  
Ian M Eray  
Mett Baum

**Gonitz**  
2000 the internet  
Del the Funky  
Homosapien  
Damon Albarn  
Chris Frantz  
Tina Weymouth  
Kid Koala\*  
Shye Edwards  
Dan the Automator  
Miho Hatori

**Ugly Cessation**  
2001 Seattle, WA  
Issac Brock

**The Dead Low Tide**  
2001 Seattle, WA  
Nate Coady  
Willis  
Spencer Moody  
Gabe the Roadie  
Mike Kunka

**Bestard**  
2001 Seattle, WA  
Courtney Love  
Louise Post  
Patty Schemel  
Chris Crooley

**Lovage**  
2001 San Francisco, CA  
Den the Automator  
Mike Patton  
Damon Albarn  
Prince Paul  
Jennifer Charles

**Eyes Adrift**  
2001 LA, CA  
Kurt Novoselic  
Curt Kirkwood  
Bud Gaugh

**Holy Molar**  
2001 San Diego, CA  
Justin Pearson  
Bobby Bray  
Gabe Serbian  
Marky McVolar  
Ron Avila

**Team Sleep**  
2001 Sacramento, CA  
Chino Moreno  
Melissa Auf der Maur  
Marty Timony\*  
Mike Patton

**Diverse**  
2001 Chicago, IL  
Mett Scholl  
Ted Srota  
Kenny Jenkins

**Azure Ray**  
2001 Athens, GA  
Orenda Fench  
Marie Taylor  
Eric Bachman

**Owen**  
2002 Chicago, IL  
Mike Kinsella

**Rein Parade**  
LA, CA  
Seven Redhead  
Mett Plouch  
Will Gonn  
David Roback  
John Thorman  
Mark Marcus  
Eddie Kalwe

**Deltron 3030**  
2000 Oakland, CA  
Del the Funky  
Homosapien  
Kid Koala\*  
Den the Automator

**The New Year**  
2000 Dallas, TX  
Chris Brakew  
Peter Schmitt  
Mike Donofrio  
Bubba Kadane  
Mett Kadane

**Qals**  
2000 Chicago, IL  
Tim Kinsella  
Mike Kinsella  
Victor Villareal  
Samuel Zurick

spitshine: We adore them [see image].

RA: If you were to endorse something, what would you endorse?

Ryan: I suppose it would be an attitude thing. Don't take anything seriously. Joke, or a farce. Have fun. Do a good job, but don't let it break your spirits. I'd endorse a lot of things. Cigarettes, beer, fun, expression. No, don't take anything too seriously.

RA: Is that how you live your life?

Ryan: I try to avoid stress and keep it simple. I make enough money to pay rent, have a car, all this other stuff. But I live on the floor. That's enough. I don't want the stress. I have a home, but I'm never in it anyway except for going to sleep. Simple. There's the one line in "Devil's Spitshine." The first verse is, "What lurks in the shadows behind those tired eyes?" Oh, wait. "What lurks in the shadows behind those blues?" That's it. "Devil put a spitshine on your working class shoes. Feet nailed down to the factory floor. Got to go to work. Got to make more for my family who I don't even know. I'm distant, depressed, and goggles made of thorns. Drink too much, too many cigarettes, too. But I sure as shit have got my living room suit." That's America. And all those guys, all us people, do our best to do what we think is right. We still end up distant from our families, which is really what shit's all about: love.

RA: Preach it!

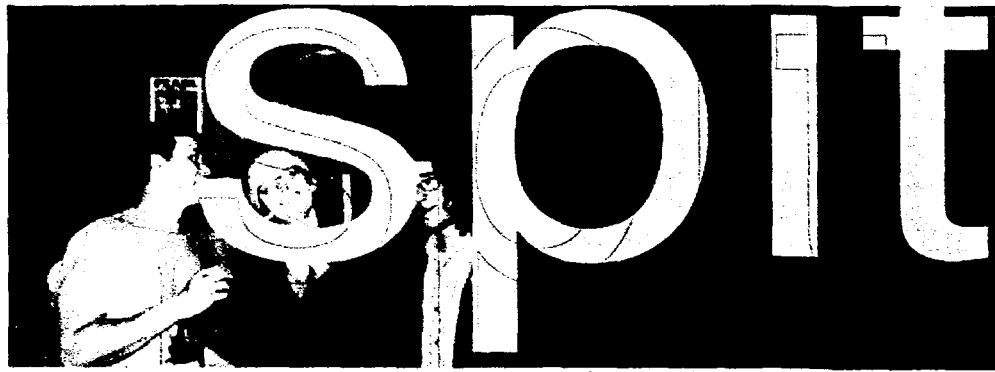
Ryan: They're distant from their families, but they've got all this stuff. They're miserable. I don't need that stuff.

RA: How do you avoid it?

Ryan: I never went to school, so I didn't have to owe any money. Avoid owing money is one way to do it. There's give and take for that kind of lifestyle.

RA: [starts to taste her foot] One way to do that would be to not have a family and just live for yourself, but I don't know how many people would advocate that because most people don't want to be alone.

Ryan: That would be a lonely life. I tried that, even.



RA: [pushing the toe jam aside with her tongue] A family?

Ryan: No...

RA: [toenails scrape her epiglottis] How many kids you got, Ryan?

Ryan: I've got one coming, actually.

RA: [DOH!] When?

Ryan: Springtime. There have been some changes. I'm still me, but I got a couple less vices. I just smoke and drink, which is probably too many already. I've never saved money before. It's always worked. I take that very seriously. I didn't plan on it. I'm going to do my best to not let the rest of the world bother me and get me down. That's why I play music and perform and I'm a loudmouth sometimes. I suppose I need attention or a place to express myself.

RA: Do you always need to be center of attention?

Ryan: No. Sometimes.

RA: Make up your mind.

Ryan: I just don't know. You rack your brain to try and figure it out why I do this. Why am I driven to do these things? There's not much of an answer or it changes for you all the time. You just are.

RA: Were you a troublemaker as a kid?

Ryan: No, I was a quiet kid. But shoot, this is a rock 'n' roll interview. I don't want to get into my childhood. But I oftentimes do because it makes it all make sense to me why I behave the way I do. It doesn't make sense to you when you're a kid. You need experience or perspective to be able to make sense of those things. It's a screwy life. That's why I know what to do or not to do with this kid I'm having. My dad was

a cool guy. He was an inspiration to me because he was a flaky artist, but as far as being responsible, no, not at all. He wasn't there. He was gone pursuing his thing with art. I looked up to him for it, but he never made good. As soon as I'm gone and it's safe, the dude's back in town trying to play dad. Come on, where the hell were you? And money's not important, but it is at the same time. There's a fucked up duality with it. Never paid a dime or anything like that. I don't like that very much. I think it's lame.

So I know what not to do. I'm going to be here. I'm going to pay and pay and pay and not mind. That's the deal. I never had anything better to do with myself but to look forward to this thing. It really all boils down to love. Life's a fickle bitch, but a kid is always your kid. Out of all the things I've done, this is the most worthwhile thing. It's the only reason I've ever straightened up for anything. [blows raspberries] Next question.

RA: Do you think your kid will affect your art?

Ryan: Yes. I think the stuff I do is inspired by life, rather than just sitting in a hole somewhere, brooding and brooding, and just spitting something out. Which may either hit people or not. It may be over their heads, or hit them where it hurts.

All expression is an expression of life. Some of those songs are different. Some of them are mad, and some aren't so mad. Some are, to me, pretty. I wrote them on an acoustic, and they sound nasty, maybe. That why I like that name. It's the irony of that name, spitshine. I think up beautiful tunes, but gross music. But, yes, definitely, because that will be a part of my life. It will work itself into the music. I think it has already. The mother of my baby [translation: my baby momma], my relationship with her has already worked its way in. I'm really

loose about it. I rarely hit anything directly in lyric. It's really about how the words sound together to me.

RA: So nobody can pinpoint a lyric and say, "That's about me"?

Ryan: If they know the song and are real close to the situation, I think it's possible.

RA: Has that ever come back in your face? Has anyone ever gotten mad at you?

Ryan: There's one song that came back in my face. I wrote this song, "Holy Rollin' Roman Empire." I think of words. I just said it one day, like how many r's can I get in a row? I was thinking about an old blues song, and I try to wail. So someone thought I was dissing her friends and people who go to church. I'm just talking about the country, and it's really just writing a song, having fun. This place is a joke we take too seriously. I love it. I'm here or I'd live in the woods somewhere. It was just a couple neat words in a row.

RA: What about that song with the lyrics, "How would you like to swing from a star. Don't you know you already are?" Was that written for someone?

Ryan: No. Me. I was spending a lot of time by myself. I was just getting used to living by myself. I was in a relationship for three years. I just got out of it a couple of years ago. I was always out. I'd walk to the coffee shop, sit upstairs and write. That's what I did. I've always had an affinity for *The Little Prince*. I'm not even that familiar with the story. All I've ever needed to see is



the wall. You can blame the lazy daisy that brings but never falls. The traumas of life, you know they happen to us all. Collected for reflection." That's for everyone else. Keep your chin up. Then it's back to me in the third. "Silver shadows hazy. I'm drunk and at the bar. Who can blame a man for drinking when he didn't see your car? When walking seems like miles wonder where you are. Collected for reflection." Then the chorus: "How would you like to swing from a star. Don't you know you already are?" You can be. It's all a matter of attitude. Shut up with your whining.

Sometimes, if I'm in an extremely randy mood, it's about having sex with me. Just sometimes I will smile when I say those line. Somebody had sex to make us appear. We'll probably have sex someday ourselves—

RA: One can only dream.

Ryan: Or have already. That's a pop topic.

[a moment of silence]

RA: We're all thinking about sex now.

Ryan: [points to RA's chest] Get a new tattoo? It's nice. How long will that last?

RA: About a week, depending how often I shower.

Ryan: I wish mine would wash off.

RA: Do you not want some of your tattoos?

Ryan: I don't want to talk about it.

RA: Obviously. [points to paper doll chain around upper arm] This one looks like it's just starting. [mmmmmm sweat socks]

Ryan: This one was the first one I got! I got

this one on my way to Cuba when I was in the Navy. It sucked being property, but just behave, and they won't mess with you. My father told me two things, and that's the best thing I've ever gotten from him. "Eat the shit and grin," and the path of least resistance.

We took a face razor and a pen, jail-house style. I pretty much did it just for the story. Paper dolls, you know? Everybody's wearing the same uniform, and everybody's getting the same tattoos. I was already a punk kid when I went in, so it was how I reacted to it. This number five [points out 5 tattoo on lower arm], what the fuck is that? I felt I was thumbing my nose at these guys getting these stupid tattoos. But now I wish I had an anchor there. Things change. It's funny. This one's the only one that means something [points to Virgin Mary tattoo]. I'm not Catholic, but I am Mexican gangster.

RA: spitshine is composed of your voice, guitar, and drums. We've noticed you use a drum machine on one song. Are you planning on adding any other instruments?

Ryan: I want to. I want to keep Alex and I Alex and I. The songs are so simple, I hear all this room for more texture in them. Get Jesse Lee to play some organ. I would like that. One other thing is that the two of us are a novelty that seems to be working.

RA: It doesn't take as long for you guys to set up.

Ryan: My friend Earl with the ponytail plays baritone horn, and we're working out some things with that. No big plans. The first music that kicked my ass was MGM cartoons. They'd have big bands and jazz do the score for *Tom and Jerry* and *Pink Panther*. Some of the stuff was just smokin' hot. It was animated perfectly with the movement of the characters. I wanted to write that kind of music. Composing, but not as dreary and academic as classical. More fun but with all the same instruments.

## "Shoot, this is a rock 'n' roll interview."

the picture of this little kid hanging out on the moon. That's been me for a long time. And that song, "How would you like to swing on a star, carry moonbeams home in a jar?" I always put those two together.

It was inspired from the shadow in my espresso. It was a crescent. "Silver shadows lazy in the little prince's room. Who can blame the little man who's living on the moon? When he wakes, he runs, he catches a beam or two of moon. Collected for reflection."

**22** The second verse is more about some other people, but it's also still about me: "Silver shadows crazy dance across

# shine

RA: The meaning of the music changes with too many cooks and chiefs in the kitchen, and not enough Indians to use the spatulas.

Ryan: Right. That's true, too. I'm not too worried about someone else coming in and jiving up the mix because I won't have it.

RA: Lay down the law. Lay it.

Ryan: I'm not a dictator. Alex has pretty much been a guitar player and noise guy who's learning to play drums with spitshine. He's always been able to keep a beat and has rhythm. When I show him a tune, we'll just rock it a few times before I give him any coaching. Sometimes he'll overplay because he's excited. It's fun to play the drums. After we've rocked it a few times, I'll tell him, "Back off the metronome and get dramatic." A lot of the cues and changes we do are lyrical. It stretches out different every time. We don't want anyone else in there fucking it up.

RA: You guys work together really well.

Ryan: Yeah, we do.

Alex: After I finish a song I giggle because I can't believe I just went through it. I'm not exactly a musician. It was pure chance that I picked up the drums for Ryan.

RA: Are you enjoying it?

Alex: Yeah! It's really cool. That's not the kind of music I was supposed to play. If I never decided to listen to rock and roll, I would probably be playing ballads like Tito Puente or something. That's all I heard when I was a kid. It's crazy. <girls come behind him and pet his curls> I feel like it's an aberration that I play rock and roll compared to whatever my family listened to.

RA: Have they heard your music?

Alex: No, no.

RA: Are you embarrassed to tell them?

Alex: No, no. They will like it. They probably won't believe that I am the one behind the drums.

RA: Are you starting to think of yourself as a musician?

Alex: Sometimes. When I'm playing with Ryan and he looks at me and tells me, "The second time I do the [sings] *feel*, you do this." I try to keep up with that. Most of the time we're not in the best condition to keep an exact diagram of a song in our minds. It's more organic.

RA: Word on the street is you were going to include skits in between the songs.

Ryan: This idea came to me, and it's just because I'm just a clown at heart. I want to work in these little bits in between songs in the show. Like set up a story.

I woke up the other day, and I'm eye-level with the milk crates on my floor, and every one of them I've stolen. Every one of them says "Punishable by law." So I'm thinking of this scenario where these big burly guys are in jail asking each other what they're in for... you get where I'm going here. So it's like milk crates or mattress tags.

There's also the hot foot routine. I'm sitting there smoking at the coffee shop. I've got my Beatle boots on, and if I don't have an ashtray, I'll just ash in my boot. I was thinking what's going to happen one day when the cherry falls off in my boot? Instantly, I was like, I'm going to duct tape my feet up so I don't burn myself, and put one in there on stage, and do the hot foot. Frantically go flailing on the stage.

Jilly and Mariah want to do backups on the Holy Rollin' tune, the "I'm mad" parts. To me that sounds so great to have some doo wap "I'm mad." The female voice sounds wonderful, and

also because it may be scary to hear how mad I am. I want to lighten it up a little bit. The audience appreciates that when the band cares, or that they're not so uptight that they won't goof.

RA: Do you have any specific influences? You have an interesting technique of playing drums with a maraca.

Alex: I like Yo La Tengo and Sonic Youth, but I'm also into rockabilly like the Cramps and John Spencer Blues Explosion.

Ryan: I was waiting for you to ask that. I grew up listening to the Beatles. Recently I've had a love affair with big band music and jazz. Frank Sinatra in particular.

I like the Lou Reeds. I get inspired by the things I see happen in front of me. This band Tiny Human Creature that was around in Muncie kicked my ass. It was the first group I ever really saw in a basement. I had just graduated from high school. I always wanted to play music, or be rock 'n' roll, but I just didn't think it was possible because all you see is the crap on television or the radio. It's like eh, they're somewhere far away making that. So I'm seeing these bands, some of them suck, but it's all about the audacity to suck in front of people. So I saw Tiny Human Creature, and I decided right then what side of the stage I wanted to be on.

RA: How much do you feel the scarf adds to the essence of the band?

Ryan: I don't usually wear the scarf on stage. This scarf was in the closet when I was a little kid, but it was always too big for me to wear.

RA: How much do you think your hair adds to the band?

Alex: Maybe in the next ten<sup>-3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> years we will become a hair band. Ryan will help me. It will get popular again. Glam!







girl in the window

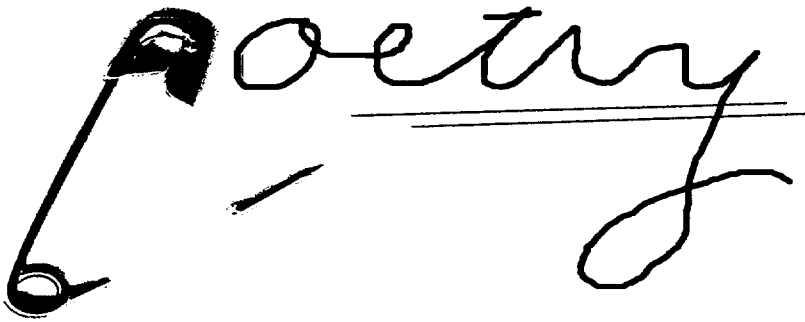
fierce, white northern sky  
taken to your path of ice  
skeletal twigs and husks of warmth  
map to my every move  
my teeth grind because I miss you.

-Adam Norris

6/3/01

the way the ancient floor reflects  
wooden shadowed sunbeams  
from the glinting of five-thirty  
to the black hole at the end of the hall  
never made me feel so alone.

-Adam Norris



Hyper-Afflicted

balance, there is a cancellation  
of forces  
lines are drawn and set  
to number  
no wobble sway  
elongation or shrink  
The pharmacology  
brand doctor  
in his commission suit  
with the Hypocratic oath  
hung thick on his walls  
and fading at the floorboards  
where I stand  
I float away on the river  
of symptom solutions  
with oars heavier  
than the burden  
I carried in  
I pause to put my head down in  
shame  
of the human condition  
which I am afflicted  
and curse the skewered  
state  
of capitalized health

-Ambarn

...and you wake up and find yourself in a strange place, not knowing how frightened you should be

It seems as though you were looking for something.  
Maybe it was the way your sisters taunted you  
or perhaps it was just loneliness.  
Regardless of the reason, you felt as if  
something was missing from your life.

You asked the wise old woman what to do-  
you asked for her help.  
She told you that the answer was on  
a streetcorner in the big city.

So you went to the city and you stood there all day.  
The clouds bore down and the rain came,  
but you stood there obediently, waiting.  
It was cold and night came as you waited,  
and finally a car slowed to stop.

When you saw the face in the car  
it all turned to black.  
...and you wake up and find yourself in a  
strange place not knowing how frightened you should be.

-Nic Lee

Metro

Calm drip rain  
And the faint sound  
Of foreign tongued children

Matched by food gathering  
Pigeons and strategically  
Placed benches

Traffic-street  
In front of a cosmic themed museum

And my content gestures  
Ring true of boredom  
And lack of a high  
Brought to  
Low...of what I'm wanting

Solitude

-Francis Bashone

## Breakwaters

I am watching him, so intent on watching him, shoved deep in a pocket of corner space I am so intent standing here, twisted up and dancing like the breakwaters flowing over the edge I have found this island in the sea of the crowd and I have built this bridge with my eyes and occasionally he crosses and all I can do is to barely hold it up as all thoughts of bridges become secondary to this connection and I used to feel so inward so trapped and I see myself sitting there a year ago crunched in a ball in my closet because really I had nowhere else to go, and I was pushing in on myself so hard and trying so hard to get out and feeling so stupid that I was sitting there in my closet crying.

-Ambam

2/5/02

the door steals the hallway's light  
as it completes its solitary circuit.  
Behind unchallenged darkness, I know you rest.  
Deviance dances through your mind,  
duty masks your spirit,  
and I, in another room, await dawn's vicious light.

-Adam Norris

## Graceless Crust

We will never stroll  
we don't have pretty teeth  
and we hate the way hairspray smells.  
I love your realness  
your face is made up of face  
and your eyes are beautiful because  
they shine so clear and true and when you touch  
me you ruffle it all up and I am ruffled up  
because you touched me  
So people see the what but I know why.  
You are a crusty one  
utterly without grace but god you outclass the cream  
And I revel in you, wallow in you, and your shamelessness  
your accessibility  
I roll around in the earth and fire of you  
growling like a blissed out dog.  
The debs are repelled and envious of my squint eyed smile and  
pale face, the faint rash on my neck  
and that "mmmmmmmm" from my throat that  
just sort of sounds off on its own  
oh why would I polish this off when  
life is  
aaaaaaaaaall  
about  
the crust.

-Andrea Kuieck

## Echo

I'm awake  
listening to cars pass by  
The road outside screams  
& I echo  
on the inside  
They say death is final  
and he keeps scaring them away  
I jump when the phone rings  
but do not answer  
I have nothing to say

-Ambam

## Teems of Times

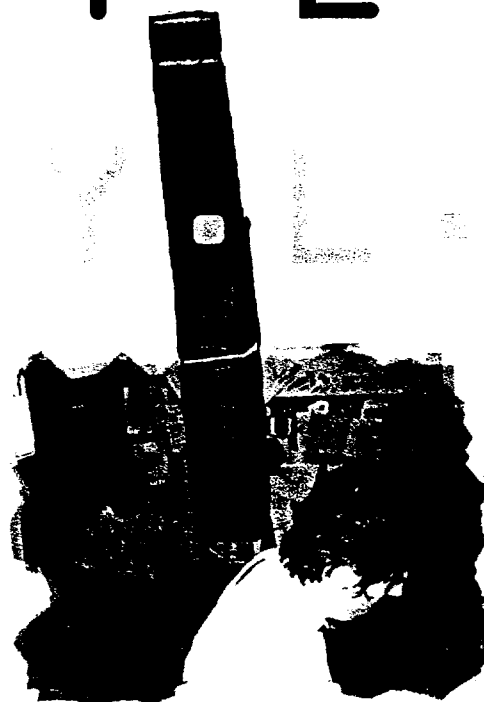
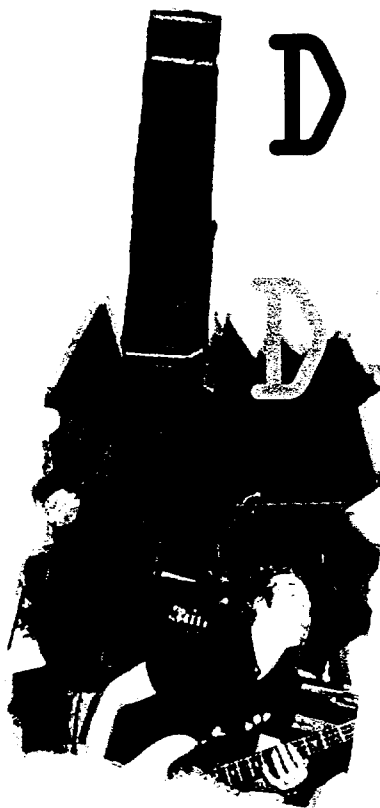
*-human beings cannot bear very much reality.*

-T. S. Eliot

Imagine that every staircase you've ever climbed,  
you swallowed, always swallowing the steps  
two at a time. It is bothersome to consider how much  
of your future you know—the destiny  
of your present doubled—  
or three at a time, tripled:  
Can you see yourself paces ahead, now knowing  
what you're doing then—do you  
see who you ran into before you do, and  
what you will talk about then that petrifies  
you to now? Have you seen and sensed the thick  
malt in your throat become words that syllabically  
water your lover's eyes,  
or is your lover in another's arms,  
and you see their melted caresses and social bravery  
in the knowledge that you're not present—but  
you're future, and the steps you doubled last night  
inflate your horrors, separate from your present  
—translucently cast on your futured self—  
as you turn the corner early,  
discover your faults (then: ignore).  
You're present is you're past.  
But, now, instead of doubling your steps,  
slow down—singly take each step,  
slicing your present into your past and future.  
Imagine the talks you would so desire with that shadow—  
like an idealizing, eight-year old brother—  
following your every step:  
How much could you teach that younger you?  
"Don't kiss those lips; they're barbed."  
"Don't say those words; they are too."  
There you are, Cassandra to yourself,  
simultaneously as naive as you are wise,  
embittered with knowledge of experience  
yet with all things innocent and possible belonging to you still.  
And this? This is the poem you've read before  
or that you will be reading again.  
Regardless, you are now.

-Andrew Gaub

# D > A . R . Y . L .



Interview by Irena Czyszczen and Erin Lottino  
Pictures taken from [www.darylmusic.com](http://www.darylmusic.com)

"It could have been all I had"

—lyrics from "The Stare" off of D.A.R.Y.L.'s album *Technology*.

The show was months ago. We should have written about it immediately. Maybe it's the images that last that are important. Maybe memories are all anyone really has. Memories, like the corners of my mind. Misty, watercolor memories of the way we were. Maybe we're trying desperately to relate D.A.R.Y.L.'s lyrics to a greater nostalgia, or at least cosmic meaning. Anyhow, our favorite memory of the show: the keyboardist/bassist spilling (pictured on opposite page getting beaten by Dylan) his whiskey on stage and electrocuting himself on his bass. Wouldn't that leave an impression on anyone?

RA: Do you remember your first memory?

Dylan: My first memory is, this is getting deep, but I was in my mother's womb. I met my great-grandfather, but he was actually dead before I was born. I remember meeting him, but I didn't really meet him. It was in Corpus Christi. I was born there.

RA: That is amazing.

Dylan: I always ask my parents, but they think I'm just lying or crazy. I remember being in a restaurant. It was all black. The first memory I can remember besides that was in preschool. It

was painting or fingerpainting in Corpus Christi before I moved to Illinois. Fingerpainting Superman. What a surprise. Big comic book guy. That was when I was four. I moved to Illinois when I was about eleven.

Spammy: I was two years old. My dad's band was practicing. I was sitting next to the drummer. I was sitting on the floor. I was talking to myself. I said, if I pick up these 2 big lighter packages and start banging them on the floor, maybe they'll give me a couple drumsticks. I picked them up, and I started banging on the floor. My dad looked at the drummer, so they gave me a couple of sticks.

Everyone: That's pretty funny. Ohhh, ahhh.

Spammy: It was funny because the cops came then, too. One of my next memories is wanting to go to the next practice, and my dad was like, "No, I don't want you to go because if the cops come, I don't want you to get taken away." Pretty hardcore memories, man.

RA: So is your dad still in a band?

Spammy: Heck yeah, he still plays.

Dylan: Your dad's badass. [dirty talk ensues]

RA: So is this the majority talk with the band?

Spammy: This is tour talk, yeah. We're letting you in on the inner circle, yeah.

RA: I feel so close to you guys.

Spammy: Do you really? You should. This is a connection.

RA: I feel connected. What do you talk about if it's not about sex, or dirty sex at that.

Spammy: There are 5 guys in a van.

David: What do we talk about? We talk about each other a lot.

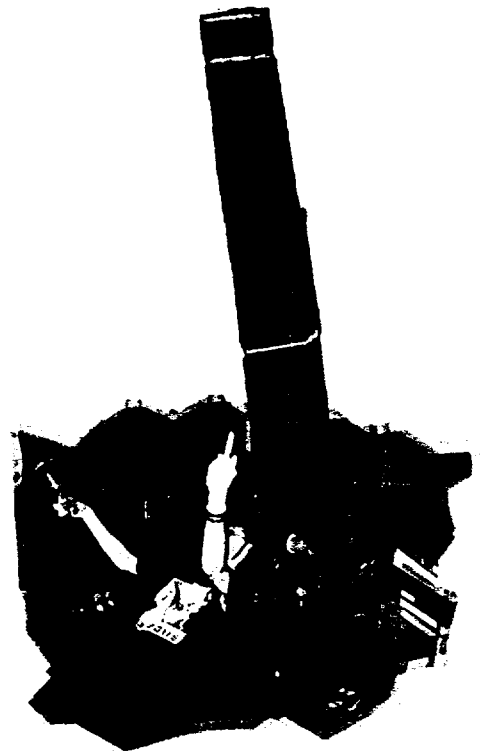
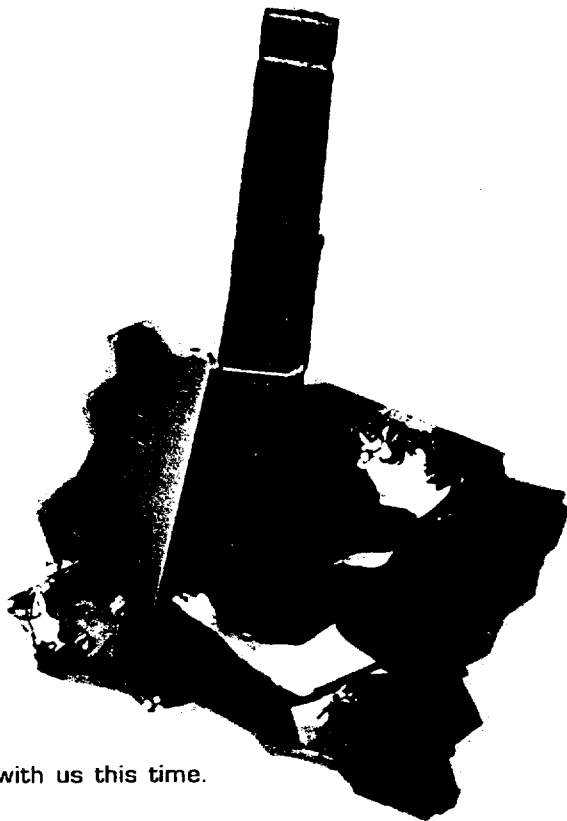
Spammy: Music, Tony Hawk 2.

David: We have a Playstation in the van.

Spammy: We also have videos. We watch videotapes a lot. We watch a lot of CB4.

RA: Do you have a favorite style of movie or favorite director?

David: We brought a lot of 80s movies



with us this time.

Spammy: I'm big on 80s movies.

RA: Like *Pretty in Pink*?

Spammy: My favorite movie is *That Thing You Do* with Tom Hanks. Tom Hanks wrote and directed that. It's music oriented and da da da.

David: Yeah, *CB4*.

RA: *CB4*?

David: You haven't seen that one? With Chris Rock? (to Dylan) Will you bust a little *CB4* for us into the tape?

Dylan: "I fucked your dog, I fucked your cat, I would've fucked your mom but the bitch is too fat."

David: That wasn't even close to being right.

Spammy: He's drunk.

RA: Can you do it?

Spammy: Of course I can do it, but I'm not going to do it. It's obscene.

RA: How do you guys feel about prosthetic limbs?

Julee: You're not tricking me into another quote, you fuckers!

Spammy: I like baby arms. Baby arms are cool.

RA: Babies are cute.

Spammy: No, I mean people who have really tiny arms. I love it when people take them off their fake limbs and throw them around at a concert. It's pretty cool. One time I got an arm thrown at me.

RA: That's pretty cool.

Spammy: Yeah. I started playing with it. I put a stick in the hand. I'm lying. My eyes are getting browner, aren't they?

RA: What about the ones that actually move for you? Like robot prosthetic arms? If you could get a prosthetic limb, what would you get?

Spammy: Like it was needed?

RA: No, if you could be bionic man, the six-million dollar man?

Spammy: If it was better than a regu-

lar limb, hell yes! If someone was like, "Here's a leg that can kick through a cement brick." That would be cool.

RA: So you would go for the leg.

Spammy: Yeah, I'm a leg man. Preferably two legs.

RA: If your head was a cloud, what shape would people say it was?

Spammy: Asparagus.

RA: The whole stalk or just the tip?

Spammy: That's a great question. Just the tip, I guess.

RA: You can tell we spent a great deal of time coming up with these beforehand.

Spammy: The drunker you get, the more the questions become...

Unbearable! Which brings back yet another memory of D.A.R.Y.L. The schmuck must not have been hurt too badly by the electrobuzz because he started asking one of RA's editors to hit him. "Please hit me," he begged during the interview. The second RA editor walked past the drunk and her friend. "What exactly is going on here?" she asked. "I am in the band and you must do as I say. Hit her," said the fool and pointed to RA editor #1. "No," said RA editor #2 and punched him in the gut. Now we can forget all about it. Again.

## Kissing The Mirror Excerpt: Philip Looks Through Old Magazines

by Carrie Conley

The following Saturday, after a week of homework and macaroni and cheese and game shows and ceiling fans, Philip was happy to get back to The Closet.

"Hey kid. Got a new shipment of magazines." Maurice spoke over the bifocals he wore when making out handwritten price tags. "Yeah, they was donated by some old woman who died about a month ago. It's in the back, if ya wanna look through them. Maybe you can organize them. You know more about them magazines than I do."

Philip sucked in his breath and walked over to the large box Maurice gestured to with his balding head. Judging from the heft of the box there must be about fifty or so magazines. Philip found a couple feet of space in the magazine room and ripped through the box tape. Sure enough, the box was filled with back issues of *Life* and *Ladies' Home Journal*. There were even several issues of *Amazing Stories*, probably left behind from the woman's son after he left home. Towards the bottom of the stack was a beat up copy of a magazine titled *HoneyBee*. He had never heard of *HoneyBee*, but the alluring woman gracing the cover, daring men to worship her seductive beauty, drew Philip in like a lost puppy. He opened the magazine, careful not to bend the smooth pages. The first section centered around a housewife theme. The first photo showed a buxom blonde wearing an apron standing beside a colorful cake, licking her red fingers and winking at the camera. There were pictures of scantily clad women pushing vacuum cleaners, dusting the tops of tall drapes, setting a fancy table with a feast of glazed ham, whipped potatoes and pumpkin pie. The lady of course was leaning slightly, thrusting out her backside, revealing the lacy top of her thigh high stockings. The spread was accompanied with an informing article on good housekeeping tips, like the proper steps for removing wine stains from the carpet.

There were other articles and photos, but Philip found the Rags to Riches section to be particularly interesting. The concept of the feature was farm girls transformed into glamorous city beauties. The first girl sat barefoot on a porch swing in her 'before' photo. Her name was Marty, she was from Arkansas, and her quote was, "I worked the fields, now I'm working at Bloomingdale's." The second, larger picture showed she had traded her worn overalls and straw hat for a scandalously short red dress, her swing replaced with an expensive looking full bar. She held a clear martini glass in her right hand, raised to the level of her arched eyebrows. The second girl, Betsy from Texas, straddled a filthy overgrown sow in the first picture, while the transformed version presented her walking topless down a store-lined street, arm and arm with a tuxedo-clad man. She said, "Pigs are fun, but I prefer stallions."

Philip preferred seeing her on the pig. The next page featured a bright smiling girl not much older than Philip sitting in the middle of a haystack. Lemon yellow straw pieces stuck out of her bouncy, brassy hair like a Technicolor dream. Her flowery dress stretched across her muddy knees, and like the first girl, she wore no shoes. Her mouth was spread wide open and slightly blurry, like she was in the act of moving her mouth into a smile when the picture was snapped. Her large hazel eyes markedly stared not at the camera or the magazine audience but at something off to her right, behind the camera, through the magazine audience. She looked so happy and carefree—she was beautiful. Her glam photo showed her sprawled across thick blue velvet. There was no way to tell whether she was lying on a bed or the floor, but the velvet rippled in large waves, suggesting it was a large, expensive blanket of some sort, probably a movie prop. Her hair was still brassy red but now shinier, her curls controlled into sleek waves. Her lips, covered in red paint, were slightly parted, a far cry from the girlish grin in the previous picture. And her teeth, they were pearl white, a mother of pearl, string of gems in her mouth. Her creamy body, a little pink, was completely vulnerable. She was on her side, and her backside two-thirds exposed. Her right leg was pulled up and almost perpendicular with her belly. Her front was hidden, but her right breast was in complete view. *HoneyBee* said her name was Dorene, Dorene from Iowa, and Dorene had this to say: "I like rolling in velvet as much as hay!" Philip stared at her eyes, the almond shaped eyes. Didn't he see those same eyes in the mirror everyday.

When Maurice heard the hinges of the backdoor snap open, he looked up from his price tags in time to see Philip darting outside, a magazine tucked under his arm.



Philip bent over to pick up his house key, fallen into a deep thicket of brush that buttressed the front steps. Tiny red scrapes appeared as if by magic up to his elbows as the weeds scratched at his skin. The key resisted being forced into the lock and again after being flipped over. A third time proved successful, and Philip stumbled down

the hallway into his room. He shut his door, turned the dead bolt, and breathed quick, heavy breaths. She wasn't home; the TV was turned off. Probably at Mabel's house. About three houses down. Her only friend. Philip's white knuckles led him to the bed where he sat down, maintaining his hold of the magazine. The ceiling fan spun, the most animate object in the room. The air from the fan's circulation touched his coated forehead, cooling the beads of sweat. Suddenly Philip sent the magazine sprawling across the floor. The magazine flew open, folding and creasing the aged pages. Philip couldn't stand the unnatural sight for very long. He picked it up and carefully flung it again, knocking it lightly against the wall. This time it landed face up.

Five minutes, twenty minutes, an hour passed by. It was horrible, a terrible thing. The women in those pages weren't supposed to be real. They were simply stories, ideas, entertainment. How could she? How could this happen? What did it mean? Stories and images, like movies or TV. No one really ever won on those game shows. No one ever lived outside those pages. Maybe Dorene from Iowa wasn't her. Certainly there were other Dorenes from Iowa. Maybe it was selfish to think so rashly, to be immediately certain. He had no real proof. Maybe the picture didn't exist. It wasn't real, it wasn't there, he never saw it. But the magazine was there, resting on the floor like a sleeping dog—a pit bull. And there was a picture in it, of a girl with a blurry smile and off-camera eyes and dirty knees and naked, so naked.

Philip slid off the bed onto the floor, resting for a minute to organize his thoughts. He shifted his weight to all fours and began crawling towards it. When he reached the magazine he slowly pulled it over to his lap and flipped to *Flags to Riches*. There was the first girl with her martini and the second riding a pig and the third with a smeared smile. Philip felt the burning behind his eyes. She looked so happy in

girl was bold and free and alive. Philip reached up to the lock on his door to make sure it was fixed tight. Then he slid over to his bed.

She was speaking to him, laughing, telling him to help get the straw out of her hair. She had just washed it that morning and didn't want to have to set it again. Her knees were muddy from playing in the barn. The sun streamed in through the cracked wall slates, flies buzzed over patches of dried manure left from Milo her horse grazing in the field. Help me, she called, and he knelt down beside her and began pulling out the dried straw. Her hair melted against his hand, he half expected his skin to take on the same reddish hue. *Did we get them all?* Her dress was caught underneath his knee, but she didn't squirm away. In fact she moved a little closer his way causing his cheeks to burn. *What's your name?* She touched his knee. *Philip.* His voice cracked. *Philip!* Better, much better. She giggled, and her hand tickled his leg. *Oh look—a mouse.* A tiny gray mouse scampered along the peripheral of a haystack across the barn, stopping to throw its nose in the air and sniff this way, that way, then scampered through a hole in the floor out of sight. *We shall name him James.* Her voice was exact, like a teacher. *What if it's a girl mouse?* She turned her head to him and smiled. *Well. James is a perfectly suitable name for a girl mouse too. I should be honored if my name was James.* They both laughed and fell back against the hay which suddenly became velvet, blue velvet. And she wasn't dirty anymore. The straw was out of her hair and no where to be found. *I just love velvet, don't you?* She spoke, but her lips never moved from their slightly parted position. Her eyes were half-closed, and her long, black lashes almost touched at the arc. The velvet was like water beneath her, carrying her, never getting her wet—



photo by Gary Cooper

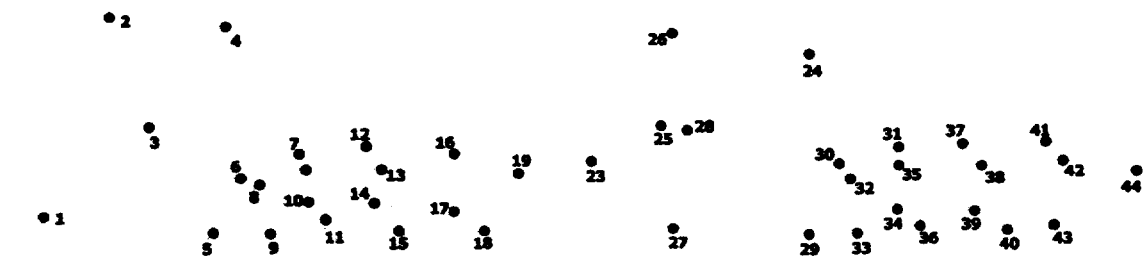
the first picture, like she was flirting with life, so ready for the world. She challenged men with her parted mouth. And those half-closed eyes, these eyes from twenty-five years ago had energy. And the way her hair brushed her shoulder, soft and brassy. Her skin was smooth, more tempting than the blue velvet she rubbed like a cat against. This

The front door rattled with the familiar sound of key in lock. Several attempts passed before the door was pushed open. Heavy steps creaked the floorboards. The fading sounds of footsteps indicated a movement toward the family room, across to the TV, and finally back to the couch.

She was home. Philip sprang off the bed and hobbled over to the door. She wasn't a threat, she never comes back here. He turned the lock, turned it again, again, and again. She wasn't real, only this was real. He crept back to the bed.

Her hair brushed against her hand—it looked softer than before. Everything was softer, more alluring, but her beauty was untouchable, he couldn't break through the electric glow that trapped her in perfection. She ran her foot, her toes dabbed with red polish, up and down her calf, up and down. She was alone, but her movements suggested she knew he was watching her. Her eyes held

him, her lips mesmerized him. Her fingers stroked the velvet beneath her, up and down, until they curled and held fast. She bit her lip and closed her eyes.



gentleman thought he was a prospect. Then all of a sudden I was giving these readings, and all these people would show up. It was quite a surprise. So then I was invited to do all this stuff that you're not invited to do. I think the fact that I lived

"No road offers more mystery than that first one you mount from the town you were born to, the first time you mount it of your own volition, on a trip funded by your own coffee tin of wrinkled-up dollars—bills you've saved and scrounged for, worked the all-night switchboard for, missed the Rolling Stones for, sold fragrant pot with smashed flowers going brown inside twist-tie plastic baggies for. In fact, to disembark from your origins, you've done everything you can think to scrounge money save selling your spanking young pussy."  
—and so begins *Cherry* by Mary Karr

Mary Karr is a poet, memoir writer, and professor. She spoke at Butler University in Indianapolis, IN, and what follows are excerpts from the Q&A session.

RA: How did you get from the end of *Cherry* to where you are now?

Mary Karr: I haven't read *Cherry* since I wrote it, so I can't remember what happens at the end.

RA: You're driving away...

Mary Karr: That's right! I left home with all these surfers, tried to move to California with my dope dealer friend Doonie and his little posse. How did I get from there to here? I got on a bus. I remember Shana Steeny asked me that once at Cambridge, and I said, "How did you get out of Northern fucking Ireland?" I mean, there's trouble and there's TROUBLE. I stayed in California for a while, and the house I lived in, of the six of us who initially moved into the house, only two of us didn't go to prison. One of those is in the Witness Protection Program, there were two suicides. It was a dangerous little crowd. I went to college. Then I had a lot of stupid jobs like every other writer, and I moved around. I finally realized I was an idiot and I didn't know anything. So I went to graduate school where I worked really hard. I made a million dollars

and then I came here. I've been offered to do a third volume of this. I have yet to take it because once you take the check, they put a noose around your neck, and then they own you until you pony up with pages of notes. I don't feel pressured because if you write poetry for a long time, you have a big impractical streak.

RA: Where are you now?

Mary Karr: I live in upstate New York. I'm a single mom and a college professor. I paint my house. I raise money for the university where I teach. When my son was a baby, he's fifteen now, I taught Composition at three different universities. I had six sessions of Comp and a baby, so I didn't sleep. But I tell you it's a great motivator. You either write or you die trying. Yet, if I waited until I felt inspired to do it, I would much rather eat bon bons and listen to the new DMX cd.

RA: How did the publishing of *Liar's Club* affect your life?

Mary Karr: I was used to publishing poetry, so the thought of people reading anything you publish doesn't ever occur to you. I sold my mother and my sister on this notion, "Well, nobody bought the books of poems, either." Then I sold like half a million copies. The biggest thing is I made money. People pretend it's not a big thing, but it's a very big thing. All of a sudden, I had help. I had this kid, who was barely literate, three feet tall, no job, virtually unemployable.

I remember the first reading for the *Liar's Club* I gave. I gave it in Boston. I lived in Boston for ten years. My son was born there. I was a room parent in his day care. I taught at three different schools. I know a million people there. So I go to this bookstore in Boston. There were three people there, and I slept with two of them. The other

in upstate New York and was a mom, I just didn't do a lot of stuff. I had to decide. I'm either going to write and raise this kid or I'm going to stand around eating Triscuits in New York.

I live in the same house I lived in, I drive a Toyota, and I still teach. The surface of my life is not that much different. My shoes are much more expensive. And I had help. That's the difference in the surface of my life to look at me going in and out of my house. Obviously, you feel very conspicuous, and then you go back into the state of psychotic denial. It's like you never wrote the book and no one ever read it.

RA: Did you ever consider writing *Cherry* in the form of a novel rather than a memoir?

Mary Karr: It would make so much more sense. A novel is a real art form. A memoir is really kind of an outsider's art. A novel has a whole structure that, it turns out, I don't know anything about. I've spent all my life reading poetry. My imagination is so much less good than anything that was happening to me.

There's a story I tell about my mother right after *The Liar's Club* came out. She was having her kitchen retiled. I was down in Texas, and the tile dude was prying the tiles off for my mother, this little eighty-year-old woman with gray hair. She'd been remarried several times. The guy peels the tile off, and it has a hole in it. He holds it up and says, "Why, Miss Karr. This looks like a bullet hole," thinking he was being really cute. Then my sister says, "Isn't that where you shot at daddy?" And the tiler's eyes get really big and my mother says, "No, that's where I shot at Larry. Here's where I shot at your daddy." How could you make that up?

I did try to write *The Liar's Club* as a novel, and the character that was me behaved much better than I ever had. She was better looking, smarter, she



did volunteer work at the nursing home. She really did. For me, I think a real novelist writes to tell a greater truth with a novel. But for me, it was kind of a correction of the story.

RA: What advice do you have for a young poet?

Mary Karr: Read, read, read, and then write, and then listen to music. Those would be the five things, but the first three would be read. What's hard about reading is it's hard to read something not written from a time you're living. So I think your goal should be to read your way back towards history. I think for a young poet, it's easier to steal your way back, to start with whoever's writing that you can hear and like, and find out who they read, and read your way back to before you were living so your ear gets used to hearing other stuff.

It's like an echo chamber now. It's just like MTV. If you read a literary magazine or poetry magazine in 1912 or 1913, when all these great poets like Robert Frost were publishing, it's terrible. There are all these poems that sound exactly alike. I saw you on the horse today/ Your eyes like [mumble rhymes with hay]. They sound very iambic and very dogged. Most are mawkish and sentimental.

RA: Do you have a writing discipline?

Mary Karr: Yes. I get up and write every day like it's time to

make the doughnuts. For most of your years as a writer, you're making your money some other way. The only way I'd get any writing done is if I got up at five o'clock in the morning. There are also periods of time when I don't write. I never don't have to force myself to write. You just sit your ass down. Ninety percent of it is just showing up. I was half as smart and a quarter as talented as anybody I went to graduate school with, but I was one dogged little bitch. It's just about punching your way through it. You develop a muscle and good guts so that you know when you're onto something and when you're screwing up. I also throw a lot of stuff away. I revise poems sixty times. I threw away five hundred pages before I saved a page for *Cherry*.

RA: What do you do when you have writer's block?

Mary Karr: With poetry it's very easy to do exercises. Find a poem you really like, a poem you just love and cannot live without. Go through it and change every word in it. Where there's a noun, put a noun. Where there's a verb, put a verb. Steal the syntax of it. Often what happens is you find your own poem inside it.

With prose I just start writing badly, which is hard for me to do. With that said, there are a lot of days where I sit there and not much gets written. Most of what I write is really bad. This whole book would have been, "I got my pe-

dotally true. There's this gush that you have as a teenager. That's a good thing, but it's hard to keep writing beyond that unless you get yourself a sense of history.

RA: Did you think *The Liar's Club* would be a success?

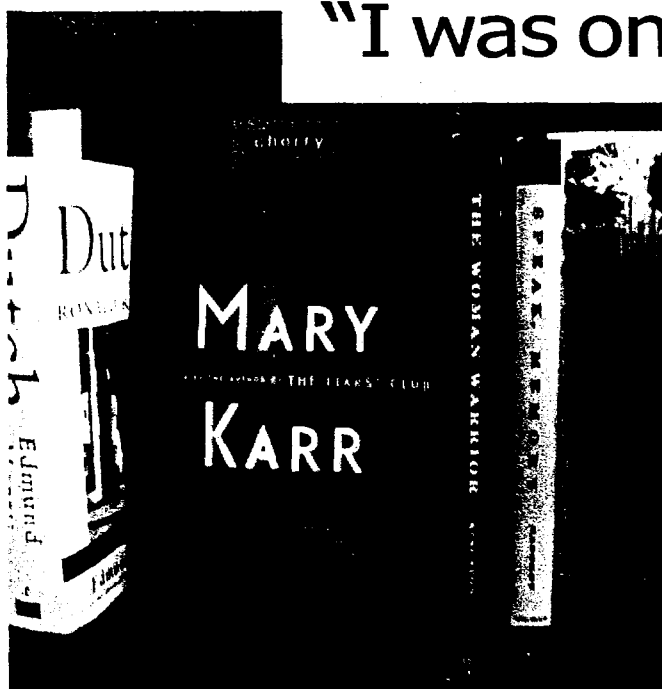
Mary Karr: Absolutely not. I couldn't believe they gave me the money they gave me for it. I thought, "Boy, I really duped those suckers." Who knew? I had no sense of it.

I think I have never written anything to the level of quality that I would aspire to write to. I have never written anything as good as the poems I truly love. Or memoirs either. That's the other thing: reading through history gives you a sense of the history of the marketplace so you're not held hostage by people who are kicking your ass on a regular basis.

RA: Do you ever feel guilty about writing about family and friends? Do you feel some kind of obligation?

Mary Karr: The obligation I feel is very serious. People say people who write memoirs make shit up. Why would you make shit up and then publish it? You make shit up when you're talking to people. Then it's not written down, and there's no record of it. I sort of mean that seriously. There's a scene in *Liar's Club* where I'm leaving my mother be-

# "I was one dogged little bitch."



riod, I was really sad, I left home." That would have been the whole book, but everything gets revised from there. It all unpacks like clowns coming out of the car. Somerset Long had a great line. "You sit at the typewriter till little beads of blood break out on your forehead." I think that's what you have to do. It's very hard. Young people invariably like to write until they get to be 25. T.S. Elliott says you have to get a sense of history or else you'll just stop writing. That seems anec-

cause she's sending me back to my dad. I really don't know when I'm going to see her again, and I feel sort of like I might not see her again because she was kind of on a tear. I remember my editor saying, "That must have been really hard for you to say goodbye to her." And I'm like, "It must have been." And she said, "But it must have been a really big emotional moment." And I'm like, "I don't remember it." If I really don't remember something, I don't write it. Even if people tell me it happenend, or if it seems like a big deal. You sort of get ambushed by the truth. Anybody who writes fiction or poetry knows about this. You think you know what you're writing about, it's never what

you're writing about. It's always something else.

RA: What made you want to tell your story?

Mary Karr: Money. That's sort of a glib answer, but I really needed money. There was really no other way that I could think of, short of dealing dope, to make money. I've always loved memoirs and biographies. I've always read them. There is one journal that I have from 1965-1966 where I wrote, "When I grow up, I will write half poetry and half auto-biography. Isn't that weird? My sister and I were trying to remember what auto-biography was even in the house. Helen Keller? I remember reading biographies of Lincoln when I was a little kid. Madame Curie, biography of John Keats. Anything like that. Malcolm X. I was always interested in the form. The single voice speaking always appealed to me.

RA: Where did you get your candor?

Mary Karr: What makes you think I'm being candid? My father is a great bar room storyteller, and he gambled a lot. If you're taking people's money, you have to threaten them or amuse them, or they will beat you up. My mother is probably the worst storyteller in the world, but she has great one liners. She doesn't give a shit what you think about her. She says, "I live my life different." I don't know that that's candor, but both of them had a different kind of verbal ability. My father was also a great mimic. My aunts and cousins would all imitate anybody; any president, any movie star at the drop of a hat.

I grew up in a place where the weather was really ugly, and you had to talk to amuse yourself. Sort of why Californians are often dull. The weather's too good.

(Here's the moment we've been waiting for, our big question, the one we've been dying to ask.)

RA: Was your upbringing a large part of your strong sense of self?

(The audience laughs. Mary Karr laughs. Why are we not laughing?)

RA: And, are you raising your son in a similar way? (Again, she is smirking at our question.)

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Mary Karr: No, my kid is the most supervised kid on the planet. All the kids come to

my house. We have a basketball hoop, band practice is there. That's not an accident.

A strong sense of self.... Everybody has something they go through. Everybody suffers. I think junior high and high school are the great traumas of all our lives. Hideous. In my school, there were six girls who had no pores and large breasts, and they were cheerleaders. All the rest of us were just writhing on spits everyday, trying to get out of the house.

It was so hard. I think we all grow up and we get car keys, and they emboss our names on credit cards, and we grow into ourselves.

I was also in therapy for a million years, which I think helps. Having a conversation about stuff that's hard to have a conversation about is galvanizing.

RA: What was your mother's reaction after reading *Liar's Club*?

Mary Karr: It was very hard for her to read. She cried. She knew what period of time the book covered. The things that were difficult were all things that she and I had talked about after I was grown. It's not like she didn't know how I felt about it. She was also really proud. She was a portrait painter, and knew that how you represent somebody is a very subjective thing. As long as she was really well-dressed when I was writing about her, it didn't matter what she was doing. In this scene where I write about her, she had this little Chanel belt from 1948 on. She was up at my house, reading on the back porch. She came in all misty-eyed and said, "I wonder where that belt is."

RA: What if someone resists using them in a memoir?

Mary Karr: Well, you could change somebody's features. I change people's names. In *Cherry* everyone whose name I changed, who was everybody, was pissed off at me that I didn't use their real name.

RA: Do you now write in the present tense?

Mary Karr: I do write about my son, but never anything very serious. I wrote an article in *Architectural Digest* last summer. My son is a real house slut. We go to some rich person's house, and he's like, "We need a place like this." I'm like, "You need a job...." It's basically about the houses in Venice, and he finds Peggy Guggenheim's little palazzo and thinks, "We need one of those." I've written several different poems about him. I guess I have writ-

## "Here's where I shot at your daddy."

ten about my divorce, although I don't write about my ex-husband much. He's such a WASP it would make him crazy. You just spare him that. We had a good divorce. He's involved with our son. I have a wife-in-law that I really like. And I don't feel compelled by him. I think you write about people you're emotionally compelled by. Most of these people I've written about were from thirty years in the past, so I think you need distance.

RA: What poets do you read?

Mary Karr: It varies, but I get on little streaks. Right now I'm reading all these post war Polish poets; Czeslaw Milosz, Zbigniew Herbert. All these people who survived WWII and Soviet rule and before that, Stalin's rule. And I've been reading a lot of Broek and Paul Celan, German poets. I'm getting ready to teach a class, so I'm reading a lot of stuff in translation, mostly Polish and Czech, but some German. Some Spanish, too.

RA: What are your favorite memoirs?

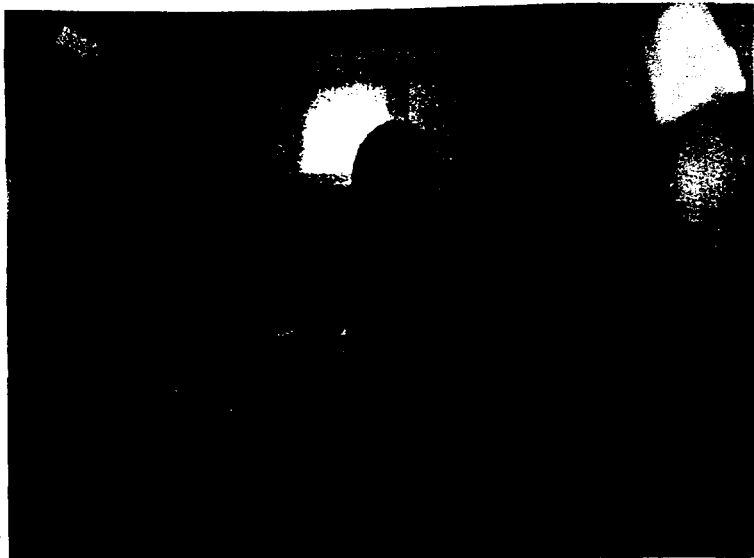
Mary Karr: Maxine Hong Kingston *The Woman Warrior*, George Orwell *Homage to Catalonia* and his writings about karma, Richard Wright *Black Boy*, Mary McCarthy *Memoirs of a Catholic Girlhood*, Vladimir Nabokov *Invitation of a Memory*, and that's just in English. Tobias Wolff *This Boy's Life*, Michael Herr *Dispatches*, Frank Conroy *Stop Time*, Nadezhda Mandelstam *Hope Against Hope*, and Primo Levi *Survival in Auschwitz*.

## Trivia Winner From Issue #1.

GARY COOPER!!!

1. the difference is ge
2. "We don't rape corpses"
3. 12
4. I'd be an '84 Chevrolet S-10 4x4 extended cab with a caddillac hood ornament (god bless her poor soul)
5. 1 if your cool
6. I hate that song
7. damn bitch... i make your ass birth a baby and now i gotta talk to you an' shit too? I thought the welfare would be enough
8. depending on the size of the canoe, i'd say about 26 large pancakes or 39 small ones

Here's a photo Gary sent us of him reading Run Amok



## WARSCOPES

by "General" Robert "E. Lee" Schlomo, expatriate and licensed seer

### Capricorn

You will be dive-bombed by crows. If you don't think that's bad, then you don't understand the gravity of the situation.

### Aquarius

Squirrels go wild. Half of them go on spring break, and half attack.

### Pisces

The government will discover a shipment of Precious Moments ceramic figurines has been contaminated by the Taliban, and you will be quarantined inside a Hallmark indefinitely.

### Aries

Take care when riding your moped. Lemon creme pie kamakazis are out in full force. Oh, wait, too late.

### Taurus

Put nice linen on the bed. You'll be sleeping with the enemy this month.

### Gemini

For every zine you put out, you make two new enemies. However, you also make ten new friends. According to my calculations, by the next zine, you will have a large enough army amassed to easily draw and quarter your enemies without having to use horses.

### Cancer

Two heads are better than one. Unless they belong to the raven that's pecking your eyes out.

### Leo

Tie a black ribbon around the old oak tree. Now the worst thing that will happen this month is "Tie a yellow ribbon round the old oak tree" will be stuck in your head. Ha ha.

### Virgo

Reports are out that the Central Intelligence Agency has developed the technology to wire cats, using their tails as antennae. But you erroneously think, "Not MY kitty."

### Libra

You play connect-the-dots with the stars on a clear night, and you're just clearing Orion's belt when your head explodes.

### Scorpio

You may think he's handsome on the outside, but take a scalpel and check out his insides.

### HOT!

### Sagittarius

You enshrine a Wheatie because you think "Breakfast of Champions" literally means "Breakfast made of Champions." Hence, each Wheatie is an edible relic of Michael Jordan.

## Reader's Poll:

Do you believe in mental telepathy?

I believe that metal telephones would not exist if everyone chose to use the power of the devil to communicate with one another. Unfortunately, those damn Christians are ruining it for us all.\*

—Aaron Paul Brakke

\*I believe nothing of what I say [and demand that this disclaimer be published before anything else I have written]

I was just about to ask you the same question, but, seriously, there is always a party in my head (you know: people shufflin' across the floor, spillin' beer, booties shakin', music bumpin' [I'm afraid that the stereo has no knobs—volume constant]), and so if anyone has been trying to contact me telepathically, they've probably by now called the cops about the raucous debauchery ensuing in my head.

—Andrew Gaub

This is a paraphrase of Jack L. Larson's response:

This girl who used to be my babysitter was playing with a Ouija board and asked it when she was going to die. The next day, she got a photo of herself in the mail, and she had a gunshot wound to her head. It was either her or her brother. But my mom fired her because she was on crack.

No, I think it's more sensory. There's this thing called senesthesia. There are people who are able to experience two senses simultaneously. One person not only can hear music, but can see it at the same time. One person tastes names. It's been documented now because they've been able to track brain waves.

—Carol Chalk



Matt Dobson

Corrections from RA Issue #1:

"Mootsie Tootsie" was written by Taryn Vrane.

Erin's dad would like everyone to know that he actually made the parody of "I had the time of my life" featured in "Crash Test Dummies."

And this just in... Brazil has signed to Fearless Records since the interview with them, and xBENx is no longer on the cross. Toast, pbrBENpbr!

We would like to thank:

All the funny kids who are really rather sad.

Also, our families for their love and support (forgive us).

Aaron Smith is responsible for the Top Five Page (back cover).

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